

{ Marriage: The new state of the union }

SEPTEMBER 1973

CANADA'S NATIONAL MAGAZINE



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INSIDE MACLEAN'S

Bob Corvidine, a famous Fleet columnist, covered his first and last royal tour in 1957 and delivered himself of the opinion that royal visits are harder on the stomach and nerves of journalists than being a war correspondent.

The tour has a way of finishing out, by the sheer grinding process of its tempo and the writer's fatigue, delicate balance between a major event such as the Queen's apparent promise to be a coast of last resort for Canada's alcoholics and the petty fact that when the wind caught her dress and blew it through, it established that she did not have weights in the hem.

Lotte, Dempsey demonstrated the tour at its laudic trivia worst when she answered a call at 8 a.m. from her Toronto dear other who wanted to know what color shoes the Queen wore the night before. "Does anyone know what shoes the Queen had on last night?" Lotte asked desperately

so a postroom maid rushing to catch a bus to Kingston. "Two!" bellowed a cohort helpfully. "She was kidding," supplied another. Lotte sighed.

Urbane Peter Stafford, the Times of London's lively correspondent based in New York, but a Royal Tour '73 memory, telephoned his story of the Queen's visit to the Aqueduct Village at Mount Carmel, from a phone he had to crack that was situated in the kitchen of the restaurant where the Queen was lunching with accomps yelling at him, "Mind the lobster!"

The best moments of the tour aren't on the schedule: the national press corps of some 40 tagging Gores Kains, composed by Charles Lynch, who accompanied on his luncheon, which celebrated the edict that the press was to keep low in order not to obscure the crowd's view, the touching sincerity of the speech made by Commander A. E. Perkins, Scotland Yard, the Queen's police officer, when the press gave him a gift to mark his

retirement, the sense of sharing and respect that binds together good professionals, of whatever kind, when the job is tough and is getting done.

At Calgary, the national press corps decided on a formal gift to the Queen to express fondness. Peter Worthington of the Toronto Star purchased flags which each reporter, radio commentator and cameraman was to wave just before she entered the plane.

The flags were mostly Canadian, with a few Union Jacks. No five-pointed stars. Without hesitation or consultation, every Quebecois in the group chose the Union Jacks. "It's her flag," murmured one. "It's sacred to me personally, proper that we should wave her flag."

So we all waved flags, but RIM didn't know. When she turned at the top of the ramp, she was blinded by the lights, so she lifted a hand and waved into the glare. But the Beatles are right, you know. Her Majesty's a pretty nice girl. — JUNE CALLWOOD

"Trapping a rhino looked like a cinch until someone handed me a lasso."



"A bull rhino is an animal that should wear a Do Not Disturb sign. But we were out to better him for his own good. By waving and returning him to the safety of Kenya's Tsavo National Park. The job, Thelma and I discovered, was the playing tag of war with a tank."



"When our rhinoceros came charging out of the bush, he caught us with our ropes down. But three times and twenty jolly minutes later, he was nearly fit to be fied."



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THE VIEW FROM HERE / PETER C. NEWMAN

Changing with a changing world

In Sweden a couple of years ago I sat talking through a long afternoon with Gunnar Myrdal, one of those rare social scientists who combines impossible scholarship with the angry moral vision of a true believer. On that particular afternoon he was lamenting the fact that most developed countries had become so obsessed with rapid economic growth that unless social values could be quickly altered, there might be tragedy among advanced industrialized nations for the limited natural resources of an overpopulated world. Since Myrdal seemed to be asking for nothing less than a transformation of human nature, I agreed with his gloomy thoughts and suggested that perhaps the road was inevitable — that having no personal framework within which to fit the incredible need for change, most people would interpret any attempt to alter their lifestyles as the last breath of revolution and would bitterly oppose even the mildest curbs on their collective and individual expectations. But Myrdal shook his head, lit his pipe and in one of those epiphanies for which he is famous, quietly said: "No. I don't think that. After most of a lifetime of study I've grown more and more convinced that often it is not more difficult but easier to cause a big change rapidly than a small change gradually."

I was reminded of that exchange when I first read the article by Donald Creighton that begins on page 28 of this issue. Creighton, who is Canada's most distinguished historian, resembles Myrdal both in his courage and in his capacity, rare in intellectuals, to respond to ideas with passionate commitment. After briefly ranting up the country's positive record of missed opportunities, Creighton expounds a theory not dissimilar to Myrdal's. He believes Canadians have two options: "They can start making small changes and increasingly painful economies which will enable them to adjust to the narrower limits of the future, or they can begin to plan now for a radically different manner of existence."

Unlike Myrdal, Creighton thinks it may be too late to achieve the kind of equilibrium he has in mind, because for too long "progress [has been] conceived as the only good in life, and progress means the liberation of man through the progressive conquest of nature by technology."

Reading Creighton's message, I find myself hoping more often over that Myrdal was right; that really big changes in the way we perceive both growth and nature are attainable. That we can learn to live in part of the earth rather than believing as runners of it, to develop new values that prohibit access to the land we live in. That we will begin to think of ourselves more as a community than as a mass of individuals, each free to do whatever he wishes to the be of the environment he owns. That somehow we will be able to strike an equilibrium that will foster growth without squandering our heritage in the process.

Neither Myrdal nor Creighton are mixing idle warnings. To support one North American debt for one year now requires the extraction of about 25 tons of the earth's raw materials. The government's recent energy report showed that every Canadian is now using up energy equivalent to 1,925 gallons of oil per year. That kind of "growth" can only be sustained.

The world abounds as we walk in it. We abuse change with it; to husband the limited resources left to us. Only then will the bright side of Creighton's prophecy come true. "An individual's prospect of contentment stretches before this country, if only Canadians have the wisdom to ensure it, but this individual change in the direction of our course requires a new conception of the purpose of life, a strong belief in the value of Canadian independence and a real capacity for united action by Canadian governments."

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Manitoba votes a resounding "maybe"

"What the Manitoba election did," said the NDP national vice, "was to clear the air. Politics are polarized in this province; the choice is clear. You're going to see the same thing happen right across the country." He leaned back with the air of a man who has just delivered the expected result, and glowered across the dinner table, challenging contradiction with a glare. It would have taken more courage than I have to reply, "Fiddlers, er, Monsieur *enchané* and poppycock," but that's what it was. Despite the high pedigree of the speech — both Manitoba Premier Ed Schreyer and Liberal leader Tony Axper subscribe to it, Axper said it to explain the poor showing of his party, Schreyer to excuse himself for not generating a landslide — it is just that, a myth. The way it worked out in the Manitoba election carries a lesson for all of Canada.

When the NDP government, riding a record-high edge in the legislature (29 seats out of 57), called an election for June 24, a block of opposition members decided that the time had come for a showdown, dog-out-fight in the midst of Liberal rule. For Peter Kent, an NDP MP, it was a self-control test; for the Conservatives, a body called the Group for Good Government spring to the aid in the free enterprise trenches, conducting polls to determine which constituency, Conservative or Liberal, would have the best chance of defeating the socialist musk in key ridings.



The conflict is more subtle and philosophical.

Then the GGG issued a list of 18 apparent candidates of both old parties who had been checked for capitalist purity and certified by the computer as likely to win. In addition, in some other ridings the Liberals and Tories made deals to field a single candidate.

The race was drawn, but the NDP refused to step aside. On its record, the NDP looked like any really reform-minded administration. It had installed a government-run radio to counter scheming, established a caucus for parliament, and promised to continue expanding welfare programs and reforming the tax structure. On the other hand, it had shied away from direct intervention in the economy and treated the only truly radical proposal put before it like a snake in a Indian's wilderness. Government adviser Eric Kierkes (a Liberal) had argued in a report on natural resource policy that the Conservatives' "imperialist" oil revenues were in private hands. Schreyer pulled back from the suggestion to "free" the oil and called a press conference to tell the province's quaking mining magnates that they had the right to "lose." He didn't sound like much of a socialist.

To add to the confusion, Sidney Speisky, the Tory leader, was on record as approving much of the NDP program, including state-run insurance, although he quarrelled with its implementation. Speisky's own party was split, with many rural members regarding him as dangerously left-wing.

Tony Axper tried to clarify things with a right-wing Liberal taken poisoning to clear up the "welfare men" from the previous into a tax haven and restore free enterprise to its rightful place in the temple of government.

Despite the campaign opened, the NDP eschewed policy discussion and ran Schreyer as Prince Charming, the friend of farmer, workman and honest migrant. There was no real campaign issue until, near the end, when Schreyer warned that his government would "not hand over back-wash" — that is, not fairly and equally a constituency the M.L.A. of which is known and recognized — toward the NDP. That blew the old Prince Charming image right there, and did the government far more harm than the neo-socialist crusade.

When the dust settled after the election, the NDP had gained four percentage points in the vote over 1989 (from 38% to 42%) but only three or four more seats than it dislodged (at this writing, Tony Axper's seat has still to be settled by a count rerun, so the NDP has either 35 or

32 seats), while losing two cabinet members. The Tories picked up one seat (from 20 to 21) and one percentage point (from 36 to 37). The Liberals either held their five seats or dropped one, depending on how the count falls, and lost five points of the vote (from 24% to 19%).

The coalition campaign was a display of 11 NDP-held seats where the GGG issued an endorsement, the government held 10, and of one seat where only one self-government candidate was run, the NDP held eight.

The NDP had no clear mandate to move further left, but a fair indication that it should continue to jostle for position in the middle of the road, with the Tories. The Liberals had been warned that extremism in defense of dual citizenship is not a virtue.

The issues were lost to the politicians. The NDP now apparently feels the way is clear for a compromise betwixt the Tories, but if such a trade comes, it will be a war of party labels, not political philosophies. The Liberals believe they hardly escaped what Axper called "a stuporific either to the right or the left." And the myth of polarization is extending itself, not in British Columbia, a group called the Majority Movement is picking its lines to attack the socialist border next time around.

The notion that we are on the verge of fixing our political position forever with one climactic vote is the real Canadian dream. Early in the last federal election, Prime Minister Trudien said that campaign would settle "all the political questions" with one resounding Yes or No. It didn't, of course. Canadian voters seldom hand out Yes or No, usually they vote a conditional Maybe. All of which shows how much anxiety they are then the politicians.

OPERA / GRATTAN GRAY

Verdi to Wagner to Wilson

Opera composers are seldom ego guys. Mozart wrote symphonies until he was a nervous wreck. Wagner was an egomaniac voluptuary who ran up unbelievable bills, which he had no intention of paying, to drag himself as often and suffer. Critics Hans Keller, citing work after work by Britten (his deals with Kerstin and gray death of children

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Charles Wilson. A confident man in company.

or blaseless young men, has suggested that suburbanized sedition is a prime condition in Barrett's creative life.

And so it is with the operas themselves. Moore's *Don Giovanni* affirms rape, murder and defiance. Verdi's *Aida* ends with the wailing up stairs of Aida and Radames. Puccini's *Madama Butterfly* wrings out tears from the heroine's parched mouth by the knife. Berg's *Lulu* offers a multiplicity of perversions and blood-drenched low dogs. The Britten operas are strewn with horrors.

In brief, the theatre of opera is removed only in fact, not in fancy, from the carnage of the Roman arena, from the bear pits and bull pits of early England. By far the most (and most successful) operas never written neither by nor for sensitive sophistries.

With all this in mind, the man of the moment on the operatic scene in Canada looks, at first glance, like an unlikely prospect for induction in the operatic hall of fame: Charles Wilson, 41, Toronto-born child of Guelph, fairly raw (allegedly wife, three strapping children, two great ones, a house bound, two goldfish), 25 years a sheltered composer, sometime organ student of Charles Parker, composition student of Godfrey Ridout: a portrait of a paragon of domesticity.

But look a little closer, first at the man, then at his serious and her witty, and finally at some of his ideas.

Wilson is physically a Machbeth: stocky, powerful, black-haired, black-bearded and black-browed. His smile is a pleasant when it occurs, but a look of wary preoccupation is more usual,

and he has to make an effort to suppress the flash of hostility that comes to his eyes when he is aroused in argument. He usually does suppress it, or at least restrains it, but one never doubts the stored intensity in him.

He has composed for years and has a list of some 25 large works to his name, including a symphony, an oratorio, a ballet, various chamber works and three operas. The operas, all recent, indicate more or less with a decision to cut his ties with conventional security and make his living as a composer. Most composers — especially the family man among them — would tell you there is no way a man can make his living in Canada merely by composing.

But Charles Wilson has thrown down the gauntlet, and settled himself to the task of backing his challenge with works. Of his major commissions completed in the 1972 season, there are operas. And of these three, the largest — a full-scale treatment of Yeats' scholar Eugene O'Neill's libretto — is the 12th-century French love story *Melioré And Abélard* — will be given a major production by the Canadian Opera Company at Toronto's O'Keefe Centre in September, with performances the eighth, fourteenth and twenty-sixth. Leon Mayr will direct the singing. Viktor Felderl will be the conductor.

It is characteristic of Wilson that he wrote the opera to get the commission rather than the other way around. He had always wanted to do an opera — his earlier work, for *Orpheus in the Underworld* and *Strangely*, an evasive avoidance of that — and when he had written the first act of *Melioré And Abélard* he showed it to Ruby Marcov, editor of Opera Canada, who in turn persuaded CMC director Ilseman Gerg-Toril to look at it. Gerg-Toril was impressed. The libretto was a natural — in the grand tradition of operatic (and Yeatsian) first, but full of poems, metaphors and bloodshed. The hero, Abélard, is first contrasted by the vengeful uncle of his innocent Melioré, and later sent to prison as a heretic. And the scene (says Wilson, "I don't know what Ilseman must have thought of my singing and piano, but this is the way he heard it") was sufficiently impressive that Gerg-Toril committed himself to producing it in a special event of the twenty-fifth anniversary of the Canadian Opera Company.

Wilson's decision to set himself excessively adrift into the life of a professional composer grew on him incrementally. "When I was in high school, taking piano lessons, I remember thinking I'd never make anything

of that. But when I *learned* to music, in the way it was designed and put together, I thought, 'I could do that, in fact, I think I might be able to do it a bit of a lot better than that.' So I started composing, and I found I could do it. And the more I did it, the more it took out over. By now I haven't any choice. I don't choose to start making a living as a composer. I just couldn't think of as alternative. Composing is what I do."

"At this point, I don't desire that I will make a living as a composer. But then, I'm confident at present. I've had a good year. Maybe I'll have a bad year and lose the confidence. But I won't stop composing. It's what I do."

The confidence is understandable in Wilson's voice when he talks about the success of his *own* opera. *Evermore*, commissioned last year by Bathhouse Elementary, "That work poured out of me; it went down on paper without a hitch. It's an absolutely complete work. I wouldn't change a note of it."

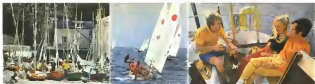
Whether *Melioré And Abélard* will be the success that *Evermore* has been destined to be seems a fallacious open and a one-act see challenge of quite different rates and kinds. But there can be little question that Wilson is enjoying a potent new force in the opera field.

CITIES / SANDRA GMYN

Highrise and hot tempers in St. John's

This city, "tumbled" up over the hills, is not pretty, says a one of the oldest in North America, founded in 1583. What's left is mostly late-Victorian row upon row of flat-roofed, bay-windowed wooden houses put up hurriedly after the Great Fire of 1892. The reason St. John's has made it to the guts of it — the square mile I give up is, not the post-Confederation tick-tocky on the images — still looks and functions as if it had been meant for people to live in, not for someone to make money out of.

"Where else?" Toronto resident Jack Diamond asked recently, "could you look down your street and see a ship?" Not in Halifax, say, or Montreal or Toronto. The soul and vital principle of this shabby, academic,



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the most immediately useful work of the Research Centre—is the continuous testing, analyzing and evaluating of materials and products used by CN. The efficiency of fuels, the durability of paints and fabrics, the strengths and weaknesses of metals, and the whole area of re-use and re-cycling—these are all under the daily scrutiny of CN scientists. And their findings help to make all CN operations more efficient, more useful to Canadians.

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hustled, busily, unselfishly, single and ultimately complex city in the sublime relationship between it and the sea.

Enter Atlantic Place, a 20-story, 350-foot office-building complex going up on Water Street, the main shopping street. The new building is, Andrew Coslow, younger brother of provincial Finance Minister John Croft, is one of the state Newfoundland merchant princes who actually puts his money back into the province. He also privately believes that Atlantic Place will be "a vital trade and social centre" attracting millions of dollars from tourists and businessmen.

Coslow is right when he says Water Street desperately needs a shot in the arm. Streets with overhead wires and wires, it's long been losing ground to suburban shopping malls. Given its glorious harbor-front site, Atlantic Place at six or seven stories instead of 20 could do much for the St. John's area.

That this should be happening in St. John's — just when Toronto and Vancouver and Victoria are all trying to halt rampant development — is as ironic as it symbolizes the ethnic that skyscrapers and expressways equal automatically with progress, that a city can be valued by the size of its skyline. It's tragic, but true: many Newfoundlanders, after a generation of being described as "quaint," assume that the only way Toronto will take them seriously is if they look like Toronto.

William G. Adams is Mayor of St. John's. A dapper old-style dad, Adams peered through Atlantic Place without a public hearing even though his

own city planning staff rejected it. When a group of citizens protested, he brushed them aside as "drifters and dreamers." If the nation of skyscrapers is now in St. John's, so also is the notion of express lanes, to oppose them, anything else the Mayor does. Traditionally, city council operates as a clique for the ceremonial class, with sweeping powers.

Organized opposition to Adams began around the time Jerry was elected — that great watershed in island politics — when a handful of people started asking impertinent questions about Plan 91, a 20-year urban development scheme drafted, produced, by a Montreal firm. The spring, 4,000 people signed a petition demanding a public hearing on Atlantic Place. This helped to convince Memorial University's Extension Service, with backing from Central Mortgage and Housing Corporation, to hold an unofficial one last May.

Our City In Conference — "a public focus on the kind of city we want to live in" — was three weeks, guided by a group of people and workshops in the Old North Theatre (built, with money 1973 idea and gone 1976 here, a neat metaphor for what people want there for). Not many average citizens turned out; mostly they belonged to the Moderns, East, or the People's Planning Program, or the Defenders of Signal Hill. Yet the meeting achieved its purpose: justice that weakened became legitimate and therefore, in political terms, potentially dangerous.

For one thing (because organizers made extra use of what's become almost a Canada-wide ethnic advocacy Chaurangia circuit) the big theme resonated people — accusing Ottawa's former chairman of the National Capital Commission, Douglas Fullerton (a native of Waterford Bridge Road coming here for the first time in nearly 50 years) of antisemitism. Don mood and Ray Allard; Toronto Alderman Wilfrid Kilbourn — all and, only more strongly and with inspired credibility, what the local critics had been saying all along: "Stop the Artistic Road Stop Atlantic Place!"

"These things are said and will kill you," belated Fullerton in his unimpaired keynote speech "These hell, because the battle can only be fought by confrontation." Thomson, as his contribution, pointed out that with cooperative and anti-judicial willing, there was probably enough good housing in the city so to do for the next 20 years. As for confrontation, Jacques Delbour of Northern Alberta's historic anti-unionists said that much more important than turning inland,

and building up mountains was strong white neighborhoods. If St. John's could come up with a plan to do this, he implied, Ottawa could probably come up with the cash.

The informants, speaking on by Kilbourn, have organized a slate of candidates for the fall civic election. Fighting this one will be a lot tougher than slugging a conference. The anti-group seems less sure of what they are for than what they are against. In particular, they'll have to prove that being anti-development doesn't mean being anti-job. Nor that the citizens of St. John's are the only ones involved. St. John's becomes a crisis, produced, by a Montreal firm. St. John's left for the rest of us to go to. Which is what Douglas Fullerton and Jack Desmond and William Kilbourn were trying to say.

MEDIA / BOCK MACDONALD

The underground press: ideas on a shoestring

We used to call them "underground papers," or the "alternative press," but such terms are inappropriate today. "Little magazines" might serve, or one might employ the definition applied by Senator Keith Dwyer in his recent speech in the Senate called for "a permissible equivalent of the Volkswagen" and he and his colleagues, after spending more than a year peering behind the mirror that Canada's media are supposed to be, concluded sagely that the same thing is someone among the many VW publications is that they never received a bar code.

If Canada's larger and somewhat conventional magazines occasionally felt threatened by competitors from publications originating in the United States, consider the dilemma facing the little press. Ironically, advertising revenue (where the policy is to accept ads at all, and there are many that don't) is scarce for limited-circulation publications.

However, the little press have plenty in their favor which aren't, and can't, be shared by the Canadian biggies. Most are produced independently, thanks in large part to the remarkable technological advances in

computerized typesetting and offset printing. Most rely on volunteer help. The small magazines — some, such as *Published as Federation or Our Governance* of Montreal, are almost born in their physical design and appear periodically — have a large and important impact in redemptive, experimental work or new ideas. Many are locally autonomous — Toronto's *Last Post* is an example, produced by professional journalists who also their keep in other media.

While a smattering of the little magazines advertises, most rely on subscription sales and occasional donations from readers and, as mentioned, unpaid, dedicated labor. As such, such as *Black Issues*, a critical quarterly on black culture in Toronto, and Montreal's *Take One* (an anti-journal, and Ottawa's *Western Journey*, which carries photography, journalism, humor and fiction, are supported by the Canada Council or the Ontario Council for the Arts.

While *Black Issues* is a quarterly, most rely on subscription sales to have been started (along with the bulk of the Senate report). Canada's little press is now trying to create the Canadian Periodical Publishers Association. It will encourage "strong and effective magazine publishing enterprises owned and controlled in Canada" by lobbying for subsidies as required, creating a strong, balanced, saving little press, promoting national distribution, developing advertising revenue, and seeking more equitable rates for Canadian periodicals. Very laudable objectives.

Since the time "detracted forces" meant the number of species a little could lay in hands on, the human race has embarked on 40,000 civil and military wars. Throughout history, the concept of a peaceful, universal peace has been beyond man's understanding. This summer, on GrandIsle Island, in Big Red Lake, on both sides of Ottawa, there was an attempt to understand. For 21 days, the theory and practice of peace were analyzed and examined by 15 people representing a mixture of academic specialists for the benefit of students of mathematics, physics, science, psychology, law, history, religion, and sociology who came from throughout North

America and Europe to learn from the students and from such authorities as Fred Knudsen, head of the humanities department at St. George Williams University and Canadian delegate to the Disarmament Conference in Geneva; economist Ken Boddington; and Edward Atte, an expert in the use of computerized maps data for predicting international conflict. On the lecture circuit, these people command high fees. At GrandIsle, they received no honoraria or travel allowances, sleep three or more in a room, and do dishwashing duty when their season is over.

There is an extraordinary sense of community here, and a commitment founded on a simple bedrock of common sense. Alan Newcombe of the Canadian Peace Research Institute, which launched the school in 1971, smiles at the suggestion that he's a utopian. "It's a lie," he says. "War is absolute. Security is arms is a myth. We have a choice — a world of peace — but we've got to start 10 years in front, not five minutes after the atom bomb."

The choice may seem easy on an island paradise but what has the school achieved in the world outside? Most of the students attempt to foster peace studies programs where they return to their university campus. So far, research is a delicate proposition. It's more research at Columbia, and occurs in Brandon, Waterloo and Toronto. CPRI also publishes newsletters of research in academic journals, books and brochures for schools and public libraries.

"It's not, hard research," says Newcombe, "and there's a lot of it. We've got the answer. It's a matter of getting the right people to listen."

It sits Newcombe at a corner of the school that the Canadian government has given hardly any financial aid to any activity at GrandIsle. Much of the funding for the school comes from the United States. "Canada trusts to the American success," Newcombe says. "We view ourselves as small and powerless because we measure ourselves against the States. We forget we're among the 10 richest nations in the world and we could play a strong leadership role."

Attacking the problem of peace

Since the time "detracted forces" meant the number of species a little could lay in hands on, the human race has embarked on 40,000 civil and military wars. Throughout history, the concept of a peaceful, universal peace has been beyond man's understanding. This summer, on GrandIsle Island, in Big Red Lake, on both sides of Ottawa, there was an attempt to understand. For 21 days, the theory and practice of peace were analyzed and examined by 15 people representing a mixture of academic specialists for the benefit of students of mathematics, physics, science, psychology, law, history, religion, and sociology who came from throughout North

E. K. Hailwood is a free-lance writer who attended the peace school.

Unusually, can be sources of funding for little press, depending on their editorial direction and content. Toronto's *Envy*, edited by Barry Colclough, is a significant literary quarterly published from York University's Adelson College and carries prose and poetry by the unknown as well as by such distinguished writers as Margaret Atwood and Murray Close.

Many of these VW periodicals are quite sophisticated in design. *The Art's Perseus*, a Toronto poetry periodical, measures five inches by 17, and is thus (considerably smaller in format) makes elaborate use of layout devices. Speaking generally, they all are concerned with the social and political issues of the day. *Black Issues* is a quarterly on black culture in Toronto, and Montreal's *Take One* (an anti-journal, and Ottawa's *Western Journey*, which carries photography, journalism, humor and fiction, are supported by the Canada Council or the Ontario Council for the Arts.

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IDEAS / E. K. HAILWOOD

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The new Winchester Super-X, Upland, and high velocity Duck Load compression-formed, forged plastic shotgun shells now bring both waterfowl and upland gunners a case so strong it can be fired without the metal head.

Team this toughness with the Plastic/Mark 5 shot protector collar, Sealed Gas Chamber and superb reloadability and you've got total performance when it really counts.

Winchester Canada does it again! A lineup of shotgun loads with a major breakthrough in ammunition technology—a one-piece compression formed plastic hull.

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Plastic/Mark 5 Collar. Winchester perfected the protective polyethylene collar. The results are amazing, sharply denser patterns and the elimination of leading. The shot is prevented from scraping flat against the barrel thus giving a lighter pattern.

Pressure-made Head. Our shot shells are fitted with a strong metallic head, perfectly shaped for exact chambering and ejection.

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Sealed Gas Chamber. Our exclusive patent. The Sealed Gas Chamber controls expanding gas and keeps it out of the shot column, preserving a uniform shot string without pellet deformation.

An over-powder cap web seals tight against the hull walls and bore interior, giving you full power of our Winchester powder plus an even, handbitting pattern.

Cushion Web. Winchester made cushion the radial impact of the explosion to limit compression deformation of shot.

Progressive-burning Ball Powder. You've heard a lot about our powerful Ball Powder. Now improved, it's the leading progressive-burning propellant powder. Clean, pressure-improved Ball Powder provides all the muscle a shot shell needs.

Greater Reloadability. More and more sportsmen insist on greater reloadability in a shot shell. Our super-tough cases come on strong time after time for top performance. Winchester game and target loads give shotguns a winning system—a shot shell that's never been duplicated.

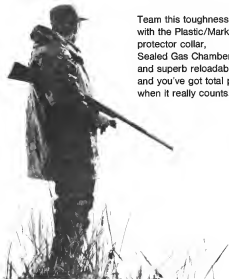
Winchester Double & Double loads with one-piece compression formed hulls put up the shot string shot pattern patterns with more pellets going right in your target. Double & Double combinations when you shoot big & mean. These shot shells have a specially designed web and throat case. They not only cushion the shot against powder head.

Winchester Mark 5 Double X Magnum semi-compression formed shells are designed for the experienced shooter and provides superior patterns and higher velocity loads. Results in long, rapid, in extended game. Excellent non-deformable shot resistant to pellet pattern, reduces shot to shot deformation, resulting in 12 gauge.

WINCHESTER / CANADA, COBURN, ONTARIO



winchester
the way you
want it



His war, our battle

First let me congratulate Maclean's on having recovered. I was about to cancel my subscription until Peter Newman took over.

What an excellent article Maxwell Henderson wrote — *My War With The Government* (July). It should be published as a pamphlet for sequential reading by all candidates before the next election. Perhaps if the Public Accounts Committee were given a monetary bonus for all savings effected by them sitting on the Auditor General's report we might get some more action! The wider public should be given this article and every MP bombarded with questions.

WILLIAM M. WELSON,
TANFAYER, BRISBANE, QC

There was a time in my life when I wanted to study very hard to be an astronaut. But if Maxwell Henderson's story — *My War With The Government* (July) — is any indication of the dropout rate, I would not say I was lucky enough to land in the Auditor General's department. I think I would prefer to be a wine-drinking bum.

ALBERT TALLER, JR.,
ST. CATHARINES, ONT.

Voting on the BC issue

I am writing concerning *The Pacific* campaign by Alvin Goss and Bob Walker as the June Maclean's. I feel you owe the city of Prince George an apology for saying "Prince George is . . . a small city, but growing fast and proud of itself. It's 15 minutes from the centre of the city so voters back and forth about the downtown streets every Saturday noon because the pub opens at noon."

thirty in the morning, and payday was the day before. . .

You give the impression we live in a frontier town far out in the wilderness. Our streets are not planted with drunks. Our so-called frontier ethic doesn't mean you can pay into any saloon on a side street and expect a easy round of poker. And 15 minutes from city centre does not take you into back lanes to the 30,000 population of the surrounding area.

Prince George does not depend on Ken Goss as our financial benefactor. We are known as "The Spruce Capital of the World" and operate three progressive pulp and paper plants. Prince George has indeed grown in the last 10-15 years.

P. L. GREER,
PRINCE GEORGE, BC

I flipped through the pages and several captions here and there of the special British Columbia issue (June), noted the pictures and asked myself what I'd like to know about "them" even before I began to read. I still call it (boring) yet I haven't lived there since 1946. But I grew up in BC and my 25 BC years still far outweigh the subsequent years.

BC is "home" because it's a part of me. I'm still carrying a grey jump under the door of my knee from the concrete sidewalk. Dad made us our Nanaimo house when I was 11. Does my kind of Dad still have a place? How much has "them" changed? What are the new controversies and what's happened as the old ones?

I also wondered if you would be able to evoke real and living memories, snapshots from my mind like the palm tree nudged in sucking against western's chill; the beer picture in his as packing into and over as probably the electric carillon as our church snags, signposts dropping systems to crash their eyes, the taste of stan-

dreped Okanagan peaches that you drink rather than eat, teenagers snapping up gravy with french-fries; levers at drive-in movies Friday nights in the parking lots.

And I was only halfway through the magazine when I decided you were filling the hell quite nicely. What a lovely, long. BC issue! you top.

BARBARA KNITTEL, M.S.W.,
AUSTRALIA

Dr. Pat McGee is a most appreciable young man and is a competent politician. Unfortunately, neither of these excellent characteristics qualifies him to deal with the Columbia River Treaty. His article — *The Great Columbia River Treaty* (June) — is a festering of factual mistakes and tiny indefensible assertions.

The government visited in February, 1973, that its estimate of the capital cost of the Mica storage was \$330 million. McGee wrote that the Mica dam "will cost approximately \$950 million." He added that to mean this cost there would be "not more than \$100 million" available from the Columbia Treaty project. The fact is that the U.S. payments under the treaty arrangement will pay all the cost of the Deneau project, all of the cost of the Arrow project, and all but \$55-million of the Mica dam.

McGee does not tell his readers that the only full-length, economic study of the Columbia Treaty so far published by a competent writer and power economist (Dr. Anderson, undoubtedly) "estimated Canada's total gain under the treaty arrangements at something like \$250 million. The can hardly be called a giveaway!"

REGIS L. KREYENHOFER,
VICTORIA, BC

One big, fat protest

Daniel Cagnon's *Jepperty — Delivery From The End Of Fat (July)* — is out of place in a magazine claiming to be open-minded. Obesity — a physical handicap as much as it is belated or red, yellow or black skin — has never found the sympathetic support usually given to minority groups. If we are to define jobs to the fat, why not also to the thin?

Too the fat on public transportation, he says. Sure, but only if we also tax every one else who doesn't fit into the tight little group of perfectly proportioned, white, thin, healthy, haired and well-treated. Shall we also tax the lame for holding up the bus? Off to the coach, Daniel Cagnon, psychiatrist, you are only out to drive up business.

B. M. PITT, HAVER, ISLAND, BC
continued on page 16

Zenith introduces solid-state Chromacolor II

It took a whole new television system to bring you the best color TV in Zenith history.

With a new, more powerful 100% solid-state chassis, Zenith Power Sentry voltage regulator for added dependability, and an advanced Chromacolor picture tube.

You get the best color picture we've ever brought you. Solid-State Chromacolor II — built in the Zenith tradition of quality and dependability.



ZENITH SOLID STATE
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Skid row has vanished

Thanks to Maclean's, for the first time I have seen Vancouver's skid-row suffered to in any of the media currently — *In Colours* (July), *Of The Dooms*, by Joan Butler (July). Apparently most reporters and writers do not understand that it means a road made of small trees laid side by side, over which logs were skidded down to the waters of Burrard Inlet. On scenes were the first form of movement and the skid row used to be plastered with grass. It went through what they call Gastown now.

KEN RICHARDS,
COQUITAMA, BC

Uprooting devil weed

I must admit, the fantastic propagation of the Watergate Affair doesn't impress or worry me a bit. However, if a man like Dr. Andrew Malcolm got fired by the Ontario Addiction Research Foundation because of his anti-drug stand — *Kroy On The Grass* by Gene Lees (July) — this truly frightens me.

E. SCHAFERMEIER,
BLIND RIVER, ONT.

In reference to Gene Lees' column *Kroy On The Grass* (July), perhaps Dr. Malcolm is considered "conspirator" by some, but I personally do not consider him such. All he has done is formulate a few valid reasons for the non-legislation of marijuana. Surely "conspirator." Dr. Malcolm realizes that society is becoming more and more dependent upon mind-altering drugs, in every form from alcohol to heroin. A sad state of affairs but what can we do? Refusing to legislate marijuana will not do our state of good. Society will continue to help marijuana, drink and smoke.

There is a rapidly approaching economic crisis in North America; and, unless steps are taken toward immediate action, another vast depression will strike. To alleviate this situation I propose we legalize marijuana.

By selling it from government outlets, the controls imposed on alcohol could similarly restrict marijuana production and sales. This money could be used to subsidize grants which would create more employment and some valid benefits for Canada.

VALENTINE GILBERT,
BARTMISTON, NS

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR SHOULD
BE SENT TO MACLEAN'S MAGAZINE,
Your View, 461 UNIVERSITY AVE.,
TORONTO, ONT., CANADA M5W 1A7

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After years of development,



Speidel announces a milestone in the design of fine jewellery. A breakthrough in the link-up of comfort to elegance.

Introducing the new Speidel Thinline® watchband. It links new comfort to Speidel watchband strength.

Link up to Thinline. Designed one third thinner than any Speidel watchband ever made. With the look of fine Florentine craftsmanship.



Link up to Thinline. Designed with 50% more links per inch. Thinner links that actually "disappear" to form an almost perfect ribbon on your wrist.

Link up to Thinline. It's tomorrow's watchband and you can see it today at your jeweller's.

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ROYAL TOUR '73



LIZ WINDSOR SUPERSTAR

The World's Number-One Box Office Draw reawakens a forgotten part of the national psyche

BY JUNE CALLWOOD/PHOTOGRAPHS BY JOHN DE VISSER

All royal visits to Canada are multilayered, like onions, like Russian nesting dolls, like those wooden eggs children play with, each one coming apart in the middle, if you know the trick, to reveal a smaller egg within, and that egg opening to display a still smaller one, and so on, until at the end there is a very tiny egg which won't open, not ever.

Depending on the age and whimsy of the person taking the eggs apart, the final impenetrable egg represents either frustration, or something vulnerable and precious that the rest of the eggs have been protecting, or affirmation of the transcendental truth that, when you get right down to it, the essence of everything is unknowable.

As applied to Royal Visit '73, the 11-day, limited-run-only extravaganza with the political surprises, which opened June 25 shortly after noon at a sweltering Toronto airport and closed just before midnight July 5 at a Calgary airport whipped by a cool wind and starving mosquitoes, the gaudy exterior egg, enclosing the ones representing preparations, security, political intrigue, royal fingers in the wind and immutable secrets, was the one the public saw: the pagantry. There is no show on earth to compare with Elizabeth II, superstar, touring the provinces. She's the world's Number One box-office draw, save in a few corners of her realm where the very sight of her would send citizens scurrying home to make bombs.

Elsewhere, when Elizabeth II puts her show on the road, it's hypnotic theatre. The Royal Standard slips up the flagpole against an azure sky, there is the shiver-

ing sound of trumpets, in the distance canyons boom a 21-gun salute, pan-drummers dressed in red, white and blue drop out of the sky, the band begins to play, someone in the royal honor guard fumbles as unobtrusively as he legally can to massage the crowd's forward longingly against the locked arms of police, firemen, sea cadets and veteran warping media, and out of the smolder or lameness or even steps a small, firm, un-bowed 47-year-old woman in an undistinguished dress with an almost expressionless face. She stands still a moment, taking in the tableau, and every calm inch of her declares of course.

In that instant something that has been persistently close to asphyxiation is transformed into a genuinely moving experience. A small part of it, but an essential part, comes from the Queen herself, from her total conviction that no trouble can come to her because she is half a too much. If she were offensively graceful or overwhelmed, lovable and human though such responses would be, the inference logically could be drawn that the Crown itself is not worth such bother.

It is Elizabeth II's fairy god on the fiction of her own personal dignity with the Crown's prestige that prevents her crown from becoming a paper dance cap and blowing away. It is certainly the personal fervor for protecting the monarchy as a bulwark against Watergate would find as many advocates if Queen Elizabeth was a silly woman.

So the poses when she makes her entrances, stage center dramatically examining the panorama before her. She was patiently for the anthem to end, and life like a longed head.

The rest is projection. People come to see Elizabeth II for complex reasons, out of loyalty, out of nostalgia, out of an unexplained love, out of curiosity, because the children want to see her, because they think the children should want to see her, because they are literates or elderly or handicapped and transportation is hard on, because they are excited and simulations are privileges, because it isn't inconvenient to why not, because it is an event with no admission price.

Whatever the original impetus, individuals become less separate as they wait and the crowd outside good heartedly, watching the final preparations for the spectacle to come, feeling the enormity of the project, enjoying the sight of the most important women in the region being schoolboy careful not to put a toe on the unrolled red carpet. They are happy and when the Queen finally appears and waves a little and smiles a little, there is a flow toward her of pure gratitude. She hasn't far the side down: she looks closely at the bus

THE LONG WAIT

In 1951 at age 25, Princess Elizabeth, Heiress Presumptive, toured Canada for the first time, read the best seller *Kos-Tiki* during spare moments, and was "flabbergasted" by both the size of the country and her resounding welcome. In 1957 at the age of 31, Queen Elizabeth toured Canada and was given a lukewarm reception. In 1964, at age 38, the Queen was accorded a rude reception in Quebec City. In 1973

at age 47, Queen Elizabeth received an ecstatic welcome and reaffirmed a sagging monarchy under the cold, suspicious stares of a bourgeoisie Canadian nationalism. The following portfolio of photographs the John de Visser reveals the nearly forgotten, certainly neglected, and often shy face of Canadian Royalism.



judging what's left of the generation gap: the hip and the historical waited hours for the Queen's motorcade to pass through downtown Regina.



When Kingston's Senior Citizen choir, The Gadabouts, sang *When I Grow Too Old To Dream*, the Queen was said to have been near tears. Such is royal sentimentality.



Be Prepared: when visiting Cuba at Acadian Village in Mount Carmel, PEI, finally caught sight of the Queen, a fella had forgotten to put their caps back on.



All Had to "Lizette And Phil": War vets and plain folk alike stood breathless in front of the Legislative Buildings in Regina.

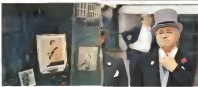
The best way to beat the heat is to stand in the water of the Jankaraka Conservation Area in Cobourg, Ontario, and relax. She'll be along any minute.



There was hardly a stop that Elizabeth II didn't see the Canadian Legion out in force, Cobourg, Ontario, was no exception.



Senior Citizens try to catch a glimpse of the royal couple unvelling a plaque across the street at one quick stop during the tour.



Throughout the land the monarchist icons were on display while the press talked about making Prince Charles the next Governor General of Canada.



E. P. Taylor (right) patiently waits for Her Majesty's arrival at the Queen's Plate in Toronto. The Bahamas was never this hot.



Prince Philip shakes the hand of Stompin' Tom Connors at a garden party at Charlottetown. Stompin' Tom outlived the Queen when he performed the day before.

looked for the past 20 years, even down to the banding and bannette. Age has only improved her face, softened the severity it had when she was younger and less married, warmed her smile. What the moment, and what the crowd responds to thankfully, in the past past, when virtue, duty and honor were words that had weight to them, when church-going was the pivot of existence, when dress and decorum indicated appropriateness of character.

In an age that has no more heroes, no sanctuaries, no core, the sight of Elizabeth II, unshaken and undaunted, is deeply comforting.

Some say "God save the Queen" in the old way, but not many. Quite a few the way, "God save the Queen!" - which she isn't, in the usual sense. It's an illusion she creates from the severity within, which likely will be impenetrable. People slip a bit but mostly crowd her closely, her right leg, slippy, awkward, conscious grin, and almost gleam in the camera they brought.

When the Queen shrilly leaves, and it is strange - this tour she covered a lot of ground and saw more people by making every stop a quick 10 or 15 minutes, every move - the orderly sense which the bus just ground falls apart at once and becomes a muddle, the honor guard mixed in with people moving toward the parking lot, the hand putting away instruments while modern try to find their children, policemen, holding up the yellow nylon restraining ropes around herly fans, the flowers being herded to their buses.

There is a mood of freedom open, then, a good sense feeling mixed with something weird, something close to regret. For a moment while the Queen stood there, life had seemed simple again. There was decorum, a pattern, respect, knowing where you were supposed to be, how you were supposed to sit, who you were supposed to be. It felt just marvelous, but it is over.

That was the middle royal tour, where the Queen, the constants go, went about her usual Queen chores of signing post, books (25), receiving bouquets from excited children (27) and doing a cheer of what to Regina and six crated dancers a four-year-old boy proffered her from a crowd in Monagan, Prince Edward Island, after holding them as tight as he could for two hours about picking them, wearing plagues and came by a variety of ingenious means.

She declined open, well after they had been returning late without her, the Prince Edward Island Summer Games at Summerside, the Calgary Stampede and the Scarborough Convention. She gave the RCMP her new cavalry hat, which is said a gadon, on which to display its non-classified virtues. She presided over Prince Edward Island's

less than euphoric celebration (the Indian is still not convinced, any more than it was in 1873, that it was such a smart move to allow Canada to join it). And she was the feature attraction in Kingston's 30th birthday, as revealed from the summer that *Frontenac* first paddled in and agreed with Talon that it was a good place to build a fort, and the 18th anniversary of the RCMP.

Canada, tooth-hungry as an orphan ever since the 1867 anniversary, showed the Queen some of its recent attempts to recover, mainly as events in fact. There was a simulated battle in the war of 1812 staged at Fort George, with all the sheldies in the supposed line of fire capriciously playing dead, a glimpse of some youths at Kingston wearing the brown coats and crimson hats of the Canadian Infantry Regiment, the first regular troops sent to Canada more than 300 years ago, a stroll through an Anishinabe Village circa 1832 being built at Mount Carleton, Prince Edward Island, as a government civil-work project that began in 1965 when the fishing gave out, potatoes dropped to a cent a pound and Anishinabe families began to starve, another stroll through Fort William, being returned to look as it did early in the 19th century when it was the hinge of the North West Company's fur trade.

When the Queen saw at Mount Carleton, PEI, in the drive down a long road to the site, was a row of young men on her right dressed in the uniforms of the Fraser Highlanders who fought under Robt on the Plains of Abraham and on her left young men in the uniforms of La Compagnie Francaise de la Marine who fought under Montcalm on the Plains of Abraham. All were students with summer jobs to improve the two regions for future visiting, a reserved fort near Montreal and had been important to PEI to adorn the anniversary.

The Queen arrived too late to witness the rehearsal, a play. When the troops attempted to coordinate the salute that would be sounded for the Queen, it was discovered that the men portraying the Highlanders spoke only English, the men portraying the Marquis only French. In fact, though they work side by side, they had not yet learned one another's names.

"They have their own group, and we have ours," explained a McGill undergraduate, as an officer bellowing "Present arms!" got a crisp response from the Highlanders but none from the Marquis, and the officer who shouted "Present arms!" was recorded by a camera along the line of Marquis while the Highlanders checked their watches and worried that it would rain.

That was the tour in its major comic version, repeated only at Thunder Bay when a group of Indians from United States reservations took time from their

THE ROYAL ORDEAL



In an itinerary packed with Mounties, Mayors, Cowboys and Indians, the Queen met Chief Dan George, star of *Little Big Man*, at a Thunder Bay, Ont., powwow.



Mayor David Crombie in front of Toronto's City Hall. So this is the New Politics?



The Queen's party needed tight security, which included among others, Scotland Yard and this Mountie stop at the Scarborough Civic Centre.



The man who, next to the royal couple, endured the most demands of an exhausting itinerary was Ronald Allison, Press Secretary to the Queen.



Radical Indian spokesman Harold Cardinal (wearing glasses and headbands) had a few tough words about the treatment of Canada's native peoples.



A trumpet band made up of young Indians, Indians and Indian children entertained the all, passed by Queen's Park in entourage in Calgary. They play Toronto and thousands stopped mean Sousa march.



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A celebration before the Great White Mother at the Indian Meeting Ground in Calgary.



Photographer John de Visser and on Queen's carpet. An Air Canada officer and Mountie rush up Toronto Star's Peter Worthington to the rescue!



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their annual Indian dance competitions to start themselves in the gorgeous costumes of the porcupine, beaver, bison, wood-pigeon, raven, a conglomerate of feathers, diamonds, beading, jingle bells and bangles patterned mostly on the striking ceremonial dress of Oklahoma tribes, with bits of Chin, Blackfoot, Sioux and early Toronto thrown in.

They shuffled cheerfully around a pocket stage in front of the Queen, having a good time and occasionally exposing a glimpse of their Indian wives, while a big band in suits wanted to accompany a chorus of "Hail To The Chief Again!" sung in Ojibwa.

It was all witnessed by the Indian celebrity, actor Chief Dan George, held in his sheltered war bunker against the high wind and looking contented in a full Indian costume creation of his own, worn with black-and-white patterned robes with lined hems.

On the other hand, some of the assembled spectators were disappointed the 1,000 elementary schoolchildren from Elbowdale who were going for the Queen shortly after she got off the plane in Toronto, a sea of freshly-dampened heads and dancing eyes, the Ojibwa, after women in beaver, 17th-century costumes who sang "Hail To The Chief" around the mountain for the Queen in Kingston, pulling their all-time solemn-pouting pretence, the joyful burst of proud Indians into a cheer day at the Scarborough ceremony, an inspired win, the breath-taking, almost unbearable passion of the RCMP parade in the Regina barracks, excited by roars who stood up to being drilled relentlessly for weeks under a pitiless sun, a Canadian, an American, an Australian, a New Zealander who projected their pride, their dimension beyond what the spirit shows, in what was billed as the PEI royal tour handshake as a "folklore display."

And, the strangest event of all, the historic meet in Calgary where representatives of every Alberta Indian tribe pitched their teepees on Ministry of Transport land and the aspect in order to meet for the first time their Great White Mother. Another Indian, David Ahmukew, president of the Federation of Saskatchewan Indians, had been free to face with the Queen the previous year but his promise was muted somewhat by an ill-fated RCMP decision not to let him have a microphone.

At Calgary, the Indians had their own stand system. Harold Cardinal, president of the Indian Association of Alberta, had a milder speech than Chief Ahmukew's, though more definite, but his was dulled by a cough that went over a period of months. Ahmukew had said, "A great majority of our people still live in a state of isolation and po-

erty." Cardinal said "... we have much to overcome and far to go." The Queen replied, in effect to both of them, that "my government" would keep its part of the treaties, which was exactly what both were asking.

The royal tour of '73 was full of pain-dances, but none more puzzling than Harold Cardinal solemnly reading a speech approved in Ottawa about Ottawa's agreement to Indians and the Great White Mother in her clear light were reading a responsive speech not only approved in Ottawa but written there, telling him that she agreed things need improvement and would look after it. This Christian monologue for two weeks was delivered while both stood on buffalo hides under a canvas canopy and was accompanied by the sound of departing jet aircraft.

Rick Yellowhead, 23, dressed in faded jeans, his long hair tied with a scarf around his forehead, stood apart from the company of bearded men in white and Saxe-Rose tailoring that surrounded the Queen. He had come to take part in the demonstration of Indian dancing, but had changed his mind. He called the group having a powwow with the Great White Mother "red apple Indians."

Yellowhead represented the Royal Tour '73's largest audience five months before the CBC, which spent a fortune on the coverage, especially in Prince Edward Island where it went to the mountains at expense of dropping its antenna platform in a spot now said to match the decor in the Charlottetown Hotel's newly removed dining room, is not able to report on the use of its radio or television audience because its surveys were taken at that time. Their estimate, however, 345 phone calls commenting on the coverage, about the same number as for a Grey Cup game.

The Queen drew crowds certainly, but her itinerary was not designed to make that a difficult task. Toronto City Hall at high noon, just as the offices in the surrounding high-rise empty for lunch, Queen's Place at Woodbine, which is packed if it peens down: forked lightning, opening day of the Calgary Stampede, always a SRO occasion, July 1 in Charlottetown in PEI's centennial year, with Sturgeon's Tom Connors, who outdrew her the night before, readily in the audience.

The people who came were middle Canada, "wholesome" conservatively dressed, back bone of the nation types.

Leslie Fennel, her mother and her five children drove from Peterborough the night before so they could plant their lawn chairs at 7 a.m. in the front row at the Cobourg observance area and see the Queen walk by early, four hours later. Why? "I thought it was important for the kids to see the Queen. They don't

POMP AND POPCORN



Just ask the Kingston Drum and Bugle Band which flag is the real flag of Canada.



Ukrainian, Chinese, Italian, Greek, Bavarian—ethnic communities across the country danced for the royal couple. WASPs were allowed to watch.



scrambled eggs and popcorn: time to stand up and be counted.



More scrambled eggs and popcorn: the chain of office of George Speil, Mayor of Kingston. A time to stand up.



Attention! The 48th Highlanders at Queen's Park.



Right face! The Mounties during their inspection at the RCMP depot in Regina.



Dief with no beef: the meeting of an old friend in Regina.



During a ceremony at Fort George in Niagara-on-the-Lake, gunpowder shot covered the press gallery. No one laughed but the Queen.



Inspectors one of the oldest militia regiments at Mount Carmel, PEI, the Cow-pog-nie Franche de la Marine. No sore losers here.



Calgary Stampede showed off everything—including beautiful Anne Randle, Stampede Queen (left). All this and the Canadian landscape too.



realize that she's a real person."

That's who came. The Queen drove through four working-class districts and when she did, as in Toronto's east end, the way to a Jewish factory, almost was almost no one around. Young people, the faded denim set, were almost totally absent everywhere, except when they had been built into the agenda deliberately, which happened conspicuously in Prince Edward Island.

The skeleton of the tour began two years ago, when Buckingham Palace agreed that the Queen and Prince Philip would attend Prince Edward Island's centennial, around July. A year later, Kingston, observing its uncontented, was accepted by the Palace, as well as a long-standing invitation from Toronto, partly because the Queen hadn't been there for 14 years and partly because it had an airport large enough to land her DC-8. The Statue Festival in Niagara-on-the-Lake had been trying to get her for years and had a striking new theatre, so that was added, which meant that it might be a good idea to take a swing around western Ontario. Some indications were bold-faced. Brampton got the first royal visit of its life because it is Premier William Davis' hometown. London was in because it is a good Tory country, and Ottawa, not because the Queen would be going there a few weeks later for the Commonwealth Conference.

The 100th anniversary of the RCMP was an obvious choice, with the location moved to Regina because Ottawa was off the tour. That meant a long flight from Prince Edward Island to Regina, but the plane could make a pit stop at Thunder Bay and in that way accommodate northern Ontario. By juggling the PEI agenda, the Queen could just neatly arrive in Calgary on the first day of the Stampede and leave that night.

Now to work Scarborough, with a new civic centre, suspended 12 minutes of the Queen's time and managed, by wailing considerably, to have it stretched to 15. Surprised little Revlon in western Ontario, population 400, got five minutes because it was the logical place for the Queen and Duke to change to a limousine to drive to Kitchener. Kitchener-Waterloo couldn't decide what to do with its welcome guest until a what was remembered that its urban renewal plan had sponsored the city's obelisk campaign. If the Queen admitted it, unveiled it, got it put a wreath on it, people would accept the new location better.

Practical books began to arrive from London, hints were given. The Queen would like to meet people, the world of "middle-class," that is, walk along one side of the crowd heavily, chatting here and there. The Oakley would work the other side. Open. / continued on page 77

Is Canada more than we can hope for?

BY DONALD CREIGHTON

A sober assessment of our road to survival

Nobody can forecast with certainty what has ahead for Canada. All we can be sure of is the mass direction in which the currents of our age are set. The trends and tendencies of the present are our only available guide to the future; and there can be no doubt that ever since the close of the Second World War, Canada has been moving with increasing momentum along a very definite course.

The past quarter-century has, in fact, been an astonishing period, astonishing with respect to what the white western world regards as the most significant aspect of modern society, its growth. Growth and development are, indeed, the most agonizingly present ideas in the mind of 20th century man, and Canada, during the past three decades, has provided a striking demonstration of this power and influence. Its growth during this period has been impressively exceptional, and the most extraordinary feature of this development lay in the fact that it was not confined to the economic sphere, although expansion here was indeed spectacular, but was extended through a wide range of human services, social, political, intellectual and artistic.

In 1961, Canada was a country of 15.5 million inhabitants; by 1971, this number had increased to 21.9 million. In 30 years, the nation had virtually doubled its population, an achievement reached during only one generation. Sixty-year period, the period 1911-1971. Two factors — a sustained high birthrate and a vast influx of immigrants — had once again resulted in an exceptionally rapid population growth. The labor force began its upward climb, correspondingly, as universities and colleges swelled to the astounding total of 317,000 students. It was an immense increase in human resources, and it was accompanied by an equally valuable expansion of our material resources, and particularly by the discovery of large deposits of metals, and of the two main modern forms of energy — oil and natural gas.

Industrialization and urbanization

moved forward with increasing speed. City and town life became the prevailing style of Canadian society. The building of houses, high-rise apartments, hotels, shopping plazas, and city centers never ceased to catch up with the demand. The network of highways by which food, clothes, fuel, light, coolant and convenience were all made instantly available to Canadians increased steadily in complexity. The surplus and the motorist took over most of the business of transport, and huge exports, and

"An indefinite prospect of contentment stretches before this country, if only Canadians have the wisdom to ensure it . . ."

autolane highways, bordered with granges, service stations, hamburger stands and motels, appropriated more and more of the countryside.

Technologies, which created machines as huge as the 563 aircraft and as small as the labor-saving devices of the normal Canadian kitchen, heightened the business of living to an extent that would have seemed monstrous only 30 years before. The average Canadian of the 1960s it has been calculated, enjoyed the benefits of services which, in ancient times, could only have been provided by 400 slaves. A king in the bronze age who possessed 400 slaves would surely have been regarded as a rich monarch, and during the past 30 years Canada revelled in a prosperity that grew steadily into affluence and was checked only occasionally by brief recessions.

Before 1938, many of the human benefits of such a prolonged boom would have been monopolized by a lucky minority, but in the 30 years that followed the opening of the Second World War, a revolutionary change occurred in the purposes and functions of the Canadian nation. In 1939, Canada had been a laissez-faire, noninterventionist state, but

by 1970 its various governments were actively engaged in promoting and encouraging growth, equitably developing throughout the country, and redistributing the national income among different classes and regions. They had built up an elaborate social security system, with allowances, pensions, and assistance schemes, and had provided comprehensive medical and hospital services for all at public expense. The scope of post-secondary education was enormously expanded to enable young Canadians to fill the needs and grasp the opportunities of the new technology. In 1950, there were 30 more universities in Canada than there had been in 1945, a network of colleges in applied arts and technology extended throughout the country, and a generous distribution of government grants made college students out of a large proportion of the young people who were coming to maturity in the early 1960s. Before the opening of the Second World War, state aid was granted only to research in the physical and biological sciences, now it was also made available to scholarship in the social sciences and the humanities. A new generation of poets and novelists, many of them mentored by the *Canadian Council*, made an appearance, and the performing arts, theatre, ballet and opera, where, before the war, Canada had shewn almost no independent initiative at all, were now alive with varied and sophisticated talents.

Thus, it seems to me, have been the dominant trends in Canada during the past three decades. Are they to continue unaltered and substantially unmodified, or will they be modified or checked, and in what ways and to what extent? At first sight, it looks as if the chances of any serious attention are very slight indeed. The ideal of growth dominates the current modern world. The government of Canada like that of every other nation in Europe and the Americas, has growth as its principal object. Growth is the aim of every bank, every tax authority, every politician. / continued on page 24



The great Canoe Lake mystery

BY ROY MAGGREGOR

Did Tom Thompson drown—or was he starved?

Whitney is hardly the place you'd choose to be born in. It's a tiny little village tucked behind the chunky hills that form the southwestern edge of Ontario's Algonquin Park. It serves as a sun for people who work the park. Polish loggers, French-Canadian pulp millmen, Indian guides, some Irish, a few Scots. Places like Whitney lumber and seldom grow. The young either get out or die in a superimposed case.

I had no choice. I was born in Whitney because it was the closest settlement to Algonquin Park, where my father earned his living, and before him my grandfather, my mother's father. My father has worked as a lumber inspector for my uncle's mill since the Depression, and when he drives from work to Whitney he does so on the road that was built over a trail originally blazed by my grandfather. My grandfather had been a park ranger since before the First World War, for the last several years of his career serving as chief ranger. And the chief ranger traditionally worked out of Whitney.

We didn't stay long. My father knew Whitney was a dead end and in 1950 he moved us to Huntsville, about 20 miles west of the park boundary. My family began to swing like a pendulum between Huntsville and Whitney, the stable point being that outside the upland two-story log cabin my grandfather built on a small lake in the park. I spent every summer there for 13 years, leaving the cottage only to pick up supplies in Whitney or at the tiny store at Canoe Lake.

It was in the quiet days of the Canoe Lake store that I learned about my first Canadian hero, Tom Thompson—an artist, woodsman and mystery all in one. If I went to the store with my father, who lived toward the contemplative, I would hear of an artist skilled with red and purple, and I would often be shown the Tea-Lake Dike where Thompson liked to fish.

My grandfather would have none of it. He knew Thompson, workshipped hard work and abstinence, and thought the artist was a lazy bum. But he was recalling the years 1913-1915, a time when art was something the Europeans hung in museums. One of the lumber workers described his first encounter with Thompson to Mark Robinson, the chief ranger in those years. "He had three vests stacked up," he told Robinson "and a bit of board and he was dishing bits of pie out. I don't know what he was doing."

"Well, is he an artist?" asked Robinson.

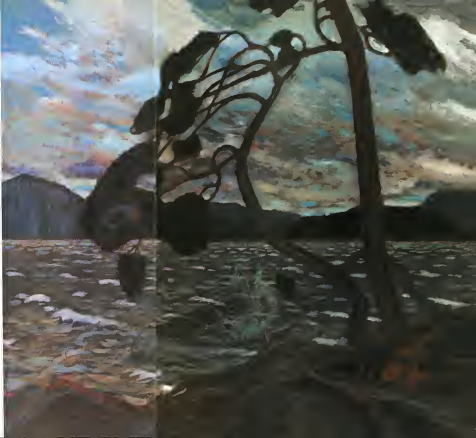
"A what?"

"An artist."

"What kind of thing is that?"

So it was little wonder that my grandfather would only tell me about Thompson's canoe tipping and the bloodied body floating eight days later. I suppose he felt the artist's end was the just reward of a suspect life. Less carefully, as a certainty.

With these differing influences Thompson might have become a shadowy figure in Algonquin Park's past. Might have, except that the mystery woman of the Thompson legend was my aunt's mother. Back in Huntsville, three blocks from my own house, lived Mrs Winifred Trimmer, one-time fiancée of Tom Thompson. When she was denied Tom, she devoted the rest of her life to raising the / continued on page 44



No way to treat a lady

BY JACK LUDWIG

How Jean-Louis Lévesque's great filly La Prévoyante was ridden into the ground



I first met Jean-Louis Lévesque face-to-face on June 9, 1973 — mark the day well, it may turn out to be the most significant date in North American racing history, but not for Jean-Louis Lévesque. We met in the Trustees' Room at Belmont Race-track, half an hour out of Manhattan. Monsieur Lévesque is short, rather squat, rather looking someone you might see in his denizens going over a set of books. He speaks quietly, with the wonderful "Oh yes" and "No no" characteristics of people from Québec whose first language is French. I hadn't been with him five minutes before he slipped a picture out of his pocket, of a horse, his filly, La Prévoyante, a beautiful animal with a unique white stripe in its parrot high between her eyes. In apple-green and white, Lévesque's racing colors, the rest of the card touted La Prévoyante and her three-and-a-half-year-old, though not necessarily naming, substitutes.

Under the heading *Chances à Favorables* — *Horses at Training*, it indicated Three-Year-Olds — was Jean-Louis Lévesque's filly, his wonder horse, his champion La Prévoyante.

Twelve times La Prévoyante went to the races as a two-year-old in 1972, and 12 times she was. Filly of the year as a two-year-old, she, in any other twelvemonth, might well, with that record, also have been chosen filly of the year. But that honor fell to a colt, Jean-Louis Lévesque and I had come to Belmont that June 9 to see run in the Belmont Stakes.

Who's to say how far led in 1970, the year a race named Somethinggrey produced a colt used by Bold Ruler. A groom named Sigmond Sommer, who owned a stakes winner and second brother called Shinn, broke down and wept last that June 9 afternoon. He was only the latest, but not the last, to experience heartbreak from what goes a grain might call the Canadian Conspiracy — winner Loomis (Lure of Québec, jockey Ron Turcato of New Brunswick. With amazement and subalid Jean-Louis Lévesque and I watched the conspirator's colt, Secretariat, win the Belmont Stakes — and racing's Triple Crown — by the widest of margins of 31 lengths. Sigmond Sommer's horse stood head and head with Secretariat at the beginning of that race, till Turcato barely shook up his horse, and ran poor Shinn right into the ground.

But Jean-Louis Lévesque was not there to just a horseman witness to the first Triple Crown winner since Citation did it in 1948. He was, in his way, part of the larger Secretariat Conspiracy, masterminded by Mr. Penny Tweedy, owner of Meadow Stable, who had syndicated Secretariat for more than six million dollars — the highest syndication for any horse anywhere in the world. Jean-Louis Lévesque sat watching as a thoroughly interested party. He held one of the 12 shares Secretariat's stud services had been paroled out of. His dream of dreams was to bring together the horse of the year 1972, Secretariat, and the filly of the year, La Prévoyante, in what might turn out to be the greatest mating in the history of racing. Various breeders advised against breeding a three-year-old colt with a three-year-old filly, but the fabulous records set by Secretariat and La Prévoyante created a great wonder in horse-men. What, indeed, might such a union turn out?

To the great Bold Ruler and the dam Somethinggrey would be added La Prévoyante's sire, Rockadance, one of the most exciting horses North American racing ever saw, and Arctic Dancer, full sister to the great Secretariat Derby and President Stakes winner, the E. P. Taylor bred Northern Dancer, winner of the Queen's Plate in 1964.

"You have to understand what luck one can do in racing, sh!" Lévesque said to me, his finger on "Fools of 1972" and its top line showing once again Rockadance in sex and his own great filly of 1970, Fandrich, in sex. "Miss Tweedy, she did the lot of a colt, and that's how she got Secretariat. Eighteen months ago she was worse than flat broke. Now look — Kiva Ridge, Secretariat."

Talking racing, going over horse lines, discussing winners, prices, prospects, Lévesque was a horseman, but not when he spoke of La Prévoyante. Perhaps it is easier to become sentimental about an animal that has won almost half a million bucks, mostly in filly races as a two-year-old, but Lévesque, clearly, doesn't mind La Prévoyante's sex. His love for La Prévoyante seemed quite independent of her money.

In the Belmont Trustees' Room Lévesque looked anything but at home. Conversation around us was about yachting, cruising, flying, hiking, and everybody — male or female — seemed to be named Cluckey, Buffle, Bells, Saus, or Hedge. Regis, Crissel, Pringley Lévesque's familiar name, in case I happened to tell you, is Lower. The place names that dropped out of the Belmont mouths were Anshes, Lincense, Taint, etc. Poems were deduced, I think, for mentioning any spot in North America. One conversation went something like this:

"Oh, Woody wonderful, I haven't seen you in —"
"Hedge, love, do you know my husband, Cluckie?"
"Hedge," says Cluckie, "it's about time — I've been looking at that boat of yours for years, put down in Nine next one you're there."

"I just have to get rid of that boat, Woody, we're spending

more and more of our time in the Bahamas —"

"Dear God, Hedge, sell that boat? It's the most magnificent thing on the entire West!"

"It's my net to, Woody."

Indeed Scott Fitzgerald, right? — and here's Lévesque, not named in to even the most obvious code words. When one learns of his background, one has no trouble seeing where the poetical comes from — no matter how tough a guy he is, in financial and business matters Lévesque is, next to E. P. Taylor, the foremost breeder in Canadian racing of the post-World War II period. But Taylor it was who walked with Queen Elizabeth II over the slatted red carpet after the Queen's Plate La Prévoyante was supposed to win early. Taylor could have joined Hedge and Shinnage and Buffle and Buffle in yacht talk that day in Belmont. Taylor or Woodhouse, Taylor or — no matter his official residence — Canadian racing, Lévesque, though he never says so, is as much an outsider to the social side of racing in Ontario as he is to the class-prism we heard predicted the day of the Belmont Stakes.

His own breeding lines show a deeper was born April 13, 1911, on the Guelph coast. Thirty miles away 11 years later a distant relative, another Lévesque was / continued on page 62

The art of staying together

BY BILL CAMERON with ELAINE DEWAR

Marriage is sometimes having to say you're sorry

They have been married for seven years; according to the biologists, almost every molecule in their bodies has been replaced since they met. They are likely no longer the same people as when they married.

They have managed an absence of idiosyncrasy. He speaks, and she finishes the thought, without competition or completion. "By the time we got married," words, it was the ultimate pledge we could make to each other. But it had very little effect on the way we lived... we have become more settled, perhaps, we're 36 years old, or almost, but no more than we became more married as we go on. We talk, perhaps not as much as we did... there are new and old ways of communicating, ways to reach. We've become more like each other than we were."

An attractive couple, they work in the theatre but are not theatrical. Their apartment is a product of their taste, quiet and careful. He is tall, solid, bearded; she is slim, with the clear beauty of a cherished woman. They look good together.

"We don't fight, we aren't brawlers. There's no real ambivalence, as long as we can live comfortably, it doesn't matter if we can get to some space in the sky, to become rich and famous. So there's no problem... just occasionally, though, there's a sense of strangeness. We look at each other and think 'Who is this person I married, anyway?'"

"We are occasionally annoyed, both of us, at other people, usually, but not enough to consider doing anything about it. It usually works out well, just being more work than it's worth. It would be a bother. So we don't distrust each other."

"We're best friends, really. There's a bleeding, somewhere."

And they look at each other, and smile.

You understand, this is what marriage is supposed to be: a serenity. That is what we have been told, directly and subliminally, by most of the literature and art and advertisement of this century. There is only one person in the world for you, and you will find him or you will find her, and everything will be smooth and comfortable and together after that. Somebody once called it the experience of leading a missing part of your own body.

Still. In 1960, the Canadian rate of divorce, per 100,000 people, was 39.1; in 1970, it was 137.4. The divorce laws had been rewritten, and perhaps many of these marriages officially breaking up in 1970 had been over for years. But something was going on, it was going on. Something in the institution of marriage has been dislodged.

Before, a decision to divorce was an act of courage. Now, it seems, a decision to stay together, an attempt to be together, demands an equivalent courage.

Robert, 39 years old, a salesman, a man of some introspective talent. He talks in his office.

"I separated from my wife two years ago. We had been living in another city, and then we came back... I had been in a tremendously exciting kind of work there, doing a lot of speed and momentum. I got emotionally involved with a woman I knew there... I told my wife about it and we separated."

"The affair didn't last. It wasn't me, it was one of just not everything I'd believed in before. There was an element of

homosexuality, like being on a traffic accident, or waking up after a weekend drunk and finding a body on the floor and knowing you'd done it, but not knowing how or why."

"The worst part was being alone. I was drinking a lot, and taking pills... and one night I had hysteria, I walked into the bathroom and I could see myself in the mirror, screaming but not making a sound."

His difficulty. He picks up a pencil, turns it in his fingers. He had come apart, his marriage had come apart, the discovery was that they were one and the same thing. He had never realized it. He had never intended it.

"I had really just drifted into my life, I'd never really wanted to be a salesman, I never really wanted to get married, I just drifted into both. Well, marriage was what a man did. He worked, had a wife and a family, it accepted his position in life. All he had to do was find the woman, the house."

But when we separated I knew... a wife is marriage, it's 18 years of husbandry. I had to come back, I had to convince her that we could build something better... and it has been.

"The other thing was turned. This is real."

"I take her for granted now, and I don't expect the same kind of reassurance. Marriage is disappointing. It is your only real security. Life is terrifying without it."

"The other was a Peter Pan thing to do. A way of denying I was what I was, that I was growing older."

"Out of 10 marriages I know, maybe one or two are working. A few are still intact, but the rest are all gone. Perhaps the others fall apart because people feel imposed, the Peter Pan thing. And it's easy to get to divorce now, it's cheap. But shared experience is binding. The companionship is supremely important. I'd rather do something with my wife than with anyone else. She's my best friend. That's an increasingly profound love. I like her. I'd go on doing her."

The new image of marriage: compassion, domination. Life With Father becomes *Who's Afraid Of Virginia Woolf?* Freudians write about falling love, getting out, sometimes argue that marriage is a vehicle of social control, a way to get people to constrain more efficiently.

All right. But marriage, contracting or liberating, is increasingly popular. Between 1960 and 1971, while those divorce figures were climbing, the figures for marriages were also climbing, at over 100,000. 7.2 per thousand people married in 1960, 8.5 per thousand in 1971.

The idea of marriage, if not the experience, is gaining strength. The impulse persists.

To those who get married under the age of 30 are about twice as likely to divorce as those who get married over the age of 25. Those figures, of course, are about as close as figures can be, but there's no one truth, hidden there.

Divorced in 30 now, a woman, carefully groomed, tanned, almost a perfect bachelor. He left her wife three years ago, and is now in the final process of divorce.

"The whole culture with people they're grown up in their early twenties. But most people are very cautious in that age. Most people really don't grow up until they're about 30, those who grow up at all. So, really, the people who get married at 20, 25 are looking for solutions to problems, to their own problems... and you have two totally different sets of expectations about the marriage."

"One of the main problems with our marriage is that she depended on me, lived continuously through me. I was going to be a famous writer, and there was this pressure on her to be successful for her sake, so the identification with me could feed her ego... the worst sort of pressure."

"You get a major part of your ideas about marriage from your parents. Mine had a complex, neurotic marriage, and it was successful for them, there was a lot of emotional warmth between them. I realized later that I was around a woman who was crying, I'd think, well, that's a natural state of affairs, women cry. So we fought a lot. We could always fight about things, but not deal with them."

"Well, I didn't anticipate those problems before we married. It's incredible that an intelligent person of 25 could marry without thinking about things like that, but I didn't. The romantic ideal, I suppose."

He says that calmly: the romantic ideal, I suppose. But the romantic ideal is what we look for, the other part of the body.

"Don't forget that before we married we got on fabulously well with each other. Marriage changed me from a doofus sort of chap to a raging bear."

"In a mature relationship, talk of love equals loving behavior. I know people who say they're in love, but there's no loving behavior going on. I was an emotional swamp divorced from the transaction of living. I had to learn loving behavior."

"And she... she could satisfy herself by being an adjunct to a person who was really the person she wanted to be. Her backboard. Her mother wanted him and got on her back, she was very much the housewife although she was an educated and intelligent woman. My wife assumed that role, and it didn't satisfy her. It enraged me. Somebody sitting there

I LOVED TEDDY
BUT HE THOUGHT
I WAS
SHALLOW.

I LOVED ELAINE
BUT SHE THOUGHT
I WAS A
WINKLING.

I LOVED GEORGE
BUT GEORGE
THOUGHT I WAS
CLINGING.

I LOVED PHYLIS
BUT PHYLIS THOUGHT
I WAS INSECURE.

I LOVED GERALD
BUT GERALD THOUGHT
I WAS A LOSER.

I LOVED MARIE
BUT MARIE
THOUGHT SHE
THOUGHT I WAS
DOPE.

THEN I MET
YOU.

YOU'RE A NEUROTIC
VACUOUS MET
BLANKET BUT
SOMEHOW YOU
MAKE ME FEEL
WONDERFUL.

YOU'RE A SILLY
PIECE OF FLUFF
BUT SOMEHOW
YOU MAKE ME
FEEL LIKE A
MAN.

I THINK
I'M IN
LOVE WITH
YOU.

HOW SOON
CAN WE
GET THE
LICENSE?



YOU NEVER
TALK TO ME
ANYMORE.
COFFEE?

OH
HIM.

YOU GIVE ME THINGS.
I'LL GRANT YOU THAT.
A SWIMMING POOL.
CREAMS EVERYTHING
HALF A CUP, RIGHT?

MM
HM.

YOU'RE A GOOD
PROVIDER. WONDERFUL
WITH THE CHILDREN.
HANDY AROUND THE HOUSE.
WE NEVER COMMUNICATE.
SACCHARINE?

YOU

MY FRIENDS ALL
THINK YOU'RE
WONDERFUL. YOU
DON'T DRINK. YOU
DON'T RUN AROUND
WITH OTHER WOMEN
HERE

RIGHT.
RIGHT.
RIGHT.

WHAT WOULD
YOU SAY IF I
TOLD YOU I WAS
HAVING AN
AFFAIR?

A LITTLE
MORE
MILK
IN IT
PLEASE.

COULD I HAVE
A SECTION
OF THE PAPER?

SURE



writing when I come home, and 'What did you do today?'

"I'd marry again. But it would be a related relationship, it would really be a minor step in a relationship that was sold already, we'd have lived together for a period of time.

"Good marriages ... I think it's difficult to generalize, there are as many few in there as there are in there, no individual. One thing I've noticed. There's an objective of sexual role-playing, the masculine and feminine roles are more interchangeable in good marriages than in others. There's an absence of game-playing and a degree of spontaneity, the partners don't stop all over each other in public. There isn't a constant demonstration of physical affection and sexuality.

"Marriage is splendid if it works. If I met someone I dug, I'd try it again."

Even the casualists feel protective about their marriage. They are willing to be quoted, identified, in any other respect — but marriage, for most, is still a deeply personal matter, to be kept even if it's over. No names.

Michael and Fran just married, in fact, the day before the interview. They're 22, and soaked in the new culture of sexual freedom and positive vocabulary. Small people, physically, smart and meticulously clean, perfectly young. They could be expected not to get married at all, if the rhetoric meant anything, they could be expected to live on a farm and raise horses and win for the revolution.

But she was pregnant. Some things do not change. Michael: "I have to deal with the establishment. If I ever wanted to get a job with the government, or something like that — well, I'd have a job, you're not married, so. You need a better chance if you're married."

Fran: "We've been living together for two years. But when I got pregnant, we kind of felt the pressure."

Michael: "There were subtle threats from my family. 'How can you do this to us? How am I going to introduce you?' This is my son and his girl and their illegitimate child."

Fran: "I became a little, maybe, grateful toward his parents. It wasn't my fault. If they couldn't accept the child, just for being a child ... We argued about it once. I felt really angry about the idea. I felt, well, if I decided to have his child, that should be enough for him."

Michael: "We're not committed to staying together if it's a hassle. If I wanted it, say, because a politician, and the girl she couldn't handle that."

Fran: "There's not a question of her better or for worse, regardless of where the old man's at."

Michael: "It depends on better what and worse what."

Fran: "Yesterday morning, I was just grinding away. I thought, I can't stand up in front of a man and say I'm going to advise you for the rest of my life. It was disappointed in him — but he had found, in the two years before, that we really cared for each other's well-being. We enjoyed being with each other more than being with anybody else. There was nobody else we could be alone together with."

A liberal relationship. Each being and doing, dependent and independent. Maybe. How far can you stand outside traditional patterns? Perhaps there's a nostalgia for the old arrangements: the strong, silent man, the pliable woman, each comfortable in a solid sense of the old character of people.

Michael: "We're still into the old masculine-feminine pattern in certain respects. Or maybe we aren't. I cook and she cleans, because that's the way it happens. I shop wood, because it's easier. I find more response in using the company. It's a responsibility for me because we have the same name."

Fran: "I feel a little different. It's hard to say why. I'm happy that it makes everybody happy. It was maybe a relief, but — now, this is my husband. I like that."

Michael: "I like it."

They are very happy, or at least they think they are. They are going back to a farm to have their baby and to live unencumbered. They are 22 years old. Perhaps they are the future of the romantic ideal.

What we all know, for we have been told often enough, why more people are getting divorced these days, a movement of people from the country to the city, a shift from the extended family, with a number of generations living closely together, to the nuclear family: husband, wife, and two children.

Dr. Norman W. Jell, the head of the Family Studies section at Toronto's Clarke Institute, is skeptical. For one thing, there's no evidence that an extended family pattern has ever been the norm in this culture: people used to live significantly alone less than they do now, and in a really extended family, involving grandparents and grandchildren, was a difficult thing to maintain. Furthermore, there's no real reason to believe that city dwellers are more isolated and alienated than country people. Bell thinks they may be alienated, subject to different social patterns, but doesn't believe they're necessarily less happy or poorly adjusted.

The significant thing about the new pattern of divorce, according to Bell, is in visibility. Twenty or 30 years ago, people

didn't talk about divorce much. Now they do. The great social evolution is largely a matter of talk — or largely a matter of the things we're willing to talk about. That's Bell. Bell thinks that "a certain number of divorces is healthy and a necessity for any society." The element of fusion is a dynamic issue. As he said earlier, a young farm couple, originally from the city, they went to the country, not to improve the relationship they had but to minimize it.

Sarah: "Strangely, I feel a lot more independent here. It seems to spend more time on my own ... maybe because there are so few people around — I'm not nervous about long walks, there is so much to do that we can't do it all together."

"I think that now we'll be stronger, perhaps, less afraid. You don't depend on anything or anybody else, just each other."

He has a beard, she's slight, quick, direct. They look as though they could have lived on the farm all their lives.

Joke: "I don't worry about being happy. We're not. We don't talk about things a great deal, we don't really analyze the elements that make us happy. Our friends find fault with us because we spend so much time together. But they put the definition on the relationship — we don't define it."

"She's my mate and my companion, my best friend. I can't imagine living without her. I don't anticipate what it would be like. It's gone very well, just the way it stumbled along."

Jeffie Nussbaum is a counselor of Toronto's Jewish Family and Child Service, an agency that encourages families, marriages, is a process of deconstruction. She constructs an image of a satisfactory marriage by reviewing the patterns that don't work, like seeing a photograph negative into a print.

"A good relationship should have room for growth, as well as including mutual support. It's possible to have a relationship involving a person with planning tendencies (I'm nobody, and I will say you in anything you want) and a person who is blunder ('Everything you do is wrong'). That's a reasonable match, on the outside, but it means that the partners are offering support for each other's faults, not their strengths — there's no room for growth in a marriage like that."

"There must be room for dependence and independence. The partners should have some life of their own."

I really don't see the linkages for a happy marriage. The artificial ones, the ritual: go back to the same restaurant, your restaurant, once a week, to keep close — that's artificial. You don't change problems in a relationship by going, or focusing

on one thing. This whole idea of "focusing," a lot of further come here expecting us to "fix" things for them.

"We are living in an age where we have to much, but we always want more. When I was young, you didn't marry to be happy. Love could happen later on, after a marriage. The whole notion of marriage, the expectations were different."

"But we have lived to dream about happiness. We want more, we learn to get more, people live under less now, and thus bring the urge to experience more, to react to the lack of experience. When you're stuffed, you look out for liberation."

"This will make more changes. People are going to have greater self-awareness. They will find out what they want, and how to get it. That will mean more variety, different components in marriage arrangements. The momentum of change will go on. There will be more planning, more responsibility."

It came to me about a year ago, at three o'clock in the morning an old friend, a man I'd worked with and sat in parks doing life with, a man I'd never met, said she had thrown him out of the apartment. Or he'd walked out. I got dressed, and made coffee, and he talked.

"It's just been coming apart for two or three months now."

"What do you mean, coming apart? You're not talking to each other?"

"No, we talk, we talk more than ever, but it's always fighting, always this distrust. 'Why are you doing this, why did you say that, you don't react, you don't feel anything.'"

"That's what she says?"

"That's what he says? She won't show, you know, she won't show to be ..."

"The same?"

The next day he went home. He's left alone, and some back, and so on, he, I must mean occasionally, and watch them circling around each other, fascinated with each other, loving and mistrusting.

It's been that way with most of my friends. I know three good marriages well, have some knowledge of two or three more. The rest are casual.

And yet there is that impulse in all of us, maybe stronger than it's ever been before, find somebody who will know you and love you and treat you more than you do yourself. Find the marriage part of your body.

Marriage is not a subject that allows for many generalizations. It's not a subject that allows for individual, specific, reversible characteristics. It's always been that way. It always will be. ■

Losing love

BY MYRNA KOSTASH

After the perfect marriage there's always the perfect divorce

The woman whose story follows is a 26-year-old Canadian now working for an international relief organization. At the time I interviewed her, she was being divorced. Because of the very personal nature of her conversations with me and her wish not to embarrass her family, she remains anonymous.

She lives with a girl friend now. Sharing rooms with someone whom fate is of no great account. Having a lot of fun. She has a demanding job. Friends, men and women, close over for tea and tupples and wine. A lot of conversation. She reads, goes to movies and thinks things over. She doesn't want to live alone but, for the first time, she is not afraid to. Liberated. Gone the old romance of finding life's pleasure in the coupling of men and women. The new serious life with, for, by herself. Self-sufficiency.

And yet. Living alone is too easy, too safe. The loneliness is a trade-off for living unacquainted. A withdrawal from the collisions with people — a lover, a husband, a friend — in which we discover the edges of our desires and requirements. Loneliness also means waking up in the middle of the night in a cold sweat, heart pounding, flanking wildly, oh my God, how could I have done that! And then, and then? The page. It started with the terror at losing companionship, the anxiety and support, at leaving Ann, the friend, the beloved, and "winning" self-direction. Then she married. Submerged in the failure to do well in marriage. They had no needs — the commitment, devotional demands, the warmth and respect, forgiveness and forbearance — and they failed. What if? What if, with a little

more strategy and courage, they could have held on to it? What if they had taken the hardest, instead of the easiest, way out? But it seemed and they walked away from it, in separate directions. She hardly sees him anymore but, when she does, he leaves-taking a car, still, unexpectedly, deeply sudden but, even though it's too late even to want to get back together. It's really foolish.

And now he wants a divorce. Fine, he can have it. She has no feeling for it. She doesn't even have to be at court for the process. The separation had been much harder than this legal formality is going to be. It was the separation — from home, from the course of her life — that was debilitating. It was the "separation agreement," the documents that he laid on her hospital bed last summer when she was ill, that shocked and hurt her, not these minutiae in a courtroom, defining what she's known for years anyway. When she got out of the hospital and asked him what was going on, he had nothing very clear to say. Something about "divorcing" their lives, writing out formal laws, clearing the way for a divorce so they could become "good friends" — but for her it was strange and surreal. She gives her consent but a doctor's word she understands why it has to happen in precisely this way. It doesn't mean that they have, finally, after six years of knowing each other, freed the hidden facets of their life together. The living, dead-on, all of the questions — what did we do to each other? — they did just in what is important to her now. Not to "push things up", no, there's no way she would go back to him. But we grasp in retrospect the sense of this reason not to. *Continued on page 42*

Finding yourself

BY RAY SMITH

After she's gone

When disaster strikes us we institute ourselves in various ways, change jobs, move, take a trip, get drunk, go numb.

"Hey man, watcha doing today?" Wanna go see the Expos play the Mets?"

"Thanks man, but I gotta wash the floor."

"What?"

"I've discovered I'm housekeeper."

"Uh-huh."

"I'll be listening to the game on the radio."

"Yeah, sure."

"No, really, I always listen to the Expos when I'm washing the floor."

"Sure."

The end of a marriage is always a disaster. We'd been married eight years, a marriage better than most. But — things changed. There were no children, we were both young and healthy and self-supporting. We split our goods, she moved out. After a while we got a divorce. Divorce is always harsher. I was married myself with housekeeping. It's a serious job, it had to be done, it rained out. After a while I even got to enjoy it.

All men have had a bit of housekeeping. Brew a pot of coffee, fry up some bacon and eggs, steal on the barbecue. Do the dishes. Once in a while.

It's a different kettle of fish doing the whole thing. All the shopping, all the cooking, the cleaning, the laundry, the floors, the walls, the curtains, the washing, the

All of a sudden the apartment is silent for days on end. You go around on top. Opening the fridge is like entering Jack Kerouac's vault. The telephone bell after the air, another friend wanting to go out for a drink. What the hell, there's nothing else to do tonight.

The silence is still there the next morning. So is an empty stomach.

The secret of breakfast is timing. All those things have to arrive at the table at exactly the same time. The honey jar is slaking to the shelf, you wash the butter, take it to the table, notice you haven't put out a knife and fork. The butter is in the fridge, hard as a rock. The toast haven't toasted up yet. The milk bag is almost empty. Milk bags are always almost empty. And this burned smell is the scrambled eggs, here comes the heat, you don't! Gah!

You put it all to the table noon or less on time and remember the grateful still sitting in the fridge.

Timing and variety. There are four simple ways to cook an egg, fry, scramble, boil, poach. I'd been making my own breakfast for years so I had a pump on the game. An eggnoo, for example. I have a recipe for eggnoo with orange juice. Very pleasant. Just remember to wash the eggshells right away or you'll be sorry.

Or ham and eggs. Or sausage and eggs. Or try unadorned bacon for a change. It's awkward to eat, but now and then you get a great batch, stuff that's actually been seared and not just piled with smelly flavoring.

Or a kipper. Wrap him in an omelette. *Continued on page 30*

I THINK THE
DIVORCE WAS
THE BEST THING
THAT EVER
HAPPENED
TO ME.

I KNOW
WHAT YOU
MEAN. I
FEEL SO
LIBERATED.

I'VE MET THIS
WONDERFUL MAN.
HE REALLY UNDER-
STANDS ME. HE'S
SO MUCH KINDER
THAN YOU WERE.

I KNOW WHAT YOU
MEAN. I'M GOING
OUT WITH AN AIR-
LINE STEWARDESS.
SHE'S A FANTASTIC
PERSON.

HE'S GENTLE, WARM,
UNDERSTANDING
AND INTELLIGENT.

I KNOW WHAT
YOU MEAN. SA
BETTER IN BE
THAN YOU
EVER WERE.

HE'S THE FINEST PERSON
I'VE EVER MET. HE REALLY
LOVES ME. I THINK I'M
GOING OUT OF MY MIND.
LAST NIGHT I ALMOST
STRABBED HIM WITH A KNIFE.

I KNOW WHAT
YOU MEAN. SHE
BOTES THE HELL
OUT OF ME.
DIDN'T ANYTHING
TONIGHT?

A RELATIONSHIP
WITHOUT
HOSTILITY IS SO
UNFULFILLING.

I KNOW WHAT
YOU MEAN.
HOW SOON CAN
WE GET THE
LICENSE?



This side of Paradise, Nova Scotia (home is where you hang your heart) By Ernest Buckler

Ernest Buckler was born at Dalhousie West, Nova Scotia, in 1908. His *The Mountain And The Valley* (1952) survived the first test of a classic. It passed among adults of the community like a hot remedy while suppressed from children and uninitiated in cold whippers. Any who had an acquaintance, friend or family in the rights of the novelist swore the fiction was a biblical record of their people. For me it was 1960 before their parochialism coincided with my first reading of his book, in the confines of a university.

After the flesh first sets on us, each begins to design his own prison. Buckler's is only a few country miles from where he was born. And in each man's cell, as Buckler helps us to understand in *The Crucifix Month* (1963), there is limited joy and less freedom without dedication to a people, a place and a way of life. This is confirmed by the sorrowful but reassuring sound of

"ox bells" and the joys of night, like "fore-fires," that are equally haunting in his third book, *Ox Bells And Fireflies* (1968). "Nova Scotia as seen by a lover" might well be the subtitle of his newest book, *Window On The Sea*, a photographic essay in which he provides the prose documentary and anecdote of a passionate observer. By reading his prose you risk the dizzying perspective at the mountain's height, share his valley's river-depth of loneliness, feel the cemetery's sigh-end of death, and know the homely freedom of things, like the kitchen stove. Ernest Buckler wrote this description of his private world especially for Maclean's. — GREG COOK



Sinhalde all, each of us carries some "Old Man of the Sea" on his back. To shift from the figurative to the actual, this burden can be anything from the stuhhorn litany of traitorous body pain that will listen to no argument — to the stabbing remembrance of the times when (each of us a traitor too) you denied a friend. From the sudden onslaught of recognition that you've never been (nor now will ever be) the crowning figure you'd been sure you'd one day become — to the grapes of indecision (though it matters so little to anyone else how you decide) that pockmark the heart. From the pewter grey of inertia — to the smart of hopes slapped in the face. From the soot and blindfolds of simple dullness, ingrained as powder burns, that bungle the soul like a north wind — to the loneliness of all lonelinesses when, someone loved gone from you forever, the frozen sky of a January dusk burns colder than ice with savage light. From the wound to the scar.

Yes, on whatever drawing board the human being was first conjectured, it's for damn sure that architectural provision was made for every conceivable kind of sigh.

So I suppose the places one loves best are those that, by some unaccountable spell, give one a saving recess from all the fishhooked questions and all the gnat-swarm of uncertain answers.

When I need such respite, I walk up the log road that threads its leisured way along the South Mountain which rises behind my back pasture. This mountain is not high enough to be awesome, but just

enough higher than hills to partake of the final knowledge. At the very top is a giant pine, older than any man alive, making its own triumphant heretic (whether there's a heretic or not) that redeems the silence from deafness. I stand beneath it, and gazing (though not staring as one stares at oneself) at the pure light that silvers the silver hitches gentler than hissing, and at the sterner hemlocks that speak as gently of permanence, I feel suddenly and exultantly exempt from the rat's tooth of Time and liberated from all its gnawings into a peace that has no match. For what the trees (honest as water and more oracular than academics) say is: "It doesn't really matter who or how you are. Just to be is enough."

Or sometimes, in that hour of fixity when the day stands still, before it turns its path toward evening and before the setting sun

makes omens of the clouds, I walk across my clover field and across the stretching marshland to the Annapolis River. Here everything is flat and wide; but there is a very *levelness* of peace here that in its own way is as deep as the mountain is soaring. And the meandering movement of the river (with gold harlequins of the sun at every bend, and without a single hurried wave) seems to send a current of contentfulness through all the land and make the world itself territorial to the eye. I watch it from a green bank, all din of thought suspended, and all my senses seem washed as clean of silt as if they're bathed in some purer Jordan.



Harder to explain (because it has nothing to do with either morbidness or religiosity) is why I find a like release in a certain churchyard; the old settlers' churchyard four miles from my childhood home. No Thomas Gray, I can write no Elegy there. Nor would I if could. For it is no echo chamber for thoughts or words or melancholy (however exquisite) to reverberate in. Far from the madding crowd it is — on an elm-bordered hillside by a scarce-travelled road, facing an ageless lake which it seems to companion. Yet, paradoxically, it breathes a kind of eternal "presentness," and intimately bestows on the solitary man who wanders among its graves so much of its own serenity that the last thing he thinks of is Death.

Nearer than all these is my country kitchen. No paroled splendors here or vaulting epiphanies of any kind; only the loyalty of homely

things long lived with and more trustworthy than passions. How often the comradely hum of the wood fire has redeemed me from desperation. How often the tick of the mantel clock (elsewhere the hollowest of sounds) has restored me from a feeling of hollowness, with the assurance that it takes me as I am. And the door and the window sashes admit me as a partner to that most harmonious of conversations they're constantly engaged in, the moment they hear my step. Letterless, and in a language much quieter than that of tongues or books, the voice of my country kitchen yet rings with usefulness to the last syllable of — yes, freedom. ■

doing. Almost as if it were something done to please him and then she could move back. She never went back.

The new lover wanted Lathams' respect and to his place a man who was all the things she said she hated. He demanded respect like any Victorian husband, married her late and took all the money, left pieces of the ones she knew and, in a fight of natural propriety, even demanded the money him, as a way to hold her. Alternately repelled and seduced, she resented his demanding the value of the present and old husband left behind, that seduced her to him and to the lover's charm, personality and exotic vitality, evoking all those other images of the husband: hopeful, joyful, confident. All the time knowing it was to hurt, old husband patterns she gave in to later.

try, helplessness and the first violent appeal for protection. When the woman was over the hill, she left the lover.

Loneliness and bad diseases. Broken connections, mounting questions, metaphysical uncertainties. The apogee of what had done, the blow the dark in moving from one husband to another, shifting centers, transferring everything the baggage of trust and pledge from lover to lover played and appeared. The attempts to get in touch, to let her husband know the intensity of her regret, so restless again, dissolved in a failure of nerve. She wept and wondered and, in the end, nothing was done. One last time they had, one last meeting that was affectionate and close, the last time that they looked at their bankruptcy and looked away in the old, fearful way, one last

windy, familiar time and it was over.

Now she lives without a man in her house. She's pulled together. All of a piece. She may even marry again some distant day but she isn't ready to import as the possibility of a husband, still unpredictable success in living now. Learning to live in language with them, drawing them into relationships together, meeting on autonomy that isn't isolation and on constant reassessment that isn't possession and, of course, overlooking concerns about the cruel games of social politics, just the way she would like to avoid. The old dream of completion with a solitary mate is abandoned with a soft relief. The new one has yet to take shape. In the meantime, she means to live well enough alone. ■

If you're looking for a 'smash', a 'blast', or a 'belt', that's your business.

But if you're a light drinker, you're looking for Triple Crown.



Triple Crown Canadian Whisky by Gilbey

CANOE LAKE from page 30

biggest shadow in town. She died a spinster in 1962 at the age of 51, a lady of the whoppers. She liked me better to see, give me candy and I tried to forget that most of Hummel thought her crazy.

It was Wrenne who was blamed for putting the old girl into the hands of Tom Thomsen. For who had been doing to him? Who could possibly have known better the most workdays of the earth's stand than the woman who, personally, played all the Tom-thomster head games that lovers play?

On July 16, 1937, Tom Thomsen's body was found floating in Canoe Lake. Accidental drowning? Prognostication, as was a late summer and an expert consensus. Murder? Possible? We can't even decide on where his body ended up. It could still be at Canoe Lake, where it was buried July 17, or it could be at Lethbridge, where the following day it was reportedly taken for burial. Or it could be, as some people still maintain, a spore drifting about Algonquin Park looking for revenge. There are even those who claim they uncovered his body in 1956 from a shallow grave in the very cemetery at Canoe Lake, a bullet hole through the skull.

A lot of questions which everyone thought Wrenne Thomsen could answer but she didn't. She's been dead for more than a decade and what does it matter anyway? We have his paintings, and they will pass colored juts of color through the Celtic seasons. We have the heritage of the Group of Seven, but friends who recognized him and learned from his association.

But we can't resist. Thomsen is a perfect here for a reason that had been over his past. As some act down to the first hours of his career as an unshored mystery. It wasn't long before the speculation began. In 1925, Andrew Duncan wrote a Study Of Tom Thomsen, and in 1973

John William Little, who took part in the clandestine 1936 dig, published his book, *The Tom Thomsen Mystery*. There was also the CBC's *Who Killed Tom Thomsen?* They only wanted the appetite. Nothing proved, nothing solved. Wrenne Thomsen, alone from all these endowments, became the one of the mystery over the years. Some called her insane, others said, still others simply lovable. For myself, I had various opinions of her. When she died, I was 14, an age when every adult is a little crazy. When

"DON'T GET IN MY WAY IF YOU KNOW WHAT'S GOOD FOR YOU"

she died, her house — including those Tom Thomsen test her when they were coming — and 13 of his paintings were inherited by a cousin of mine who lives in New York State and who keeps these treasures stored away in a safety deposit box, away from the public's eye. All I inherited was a fascination with what can be assembled of her story.

Canoe Lake is one of the many lakes that were scouted throughout Algonquin Park when the ice age retreated across the Canadian Shield. It has no in or out, so that from an airplane it looks like a Marine Mollusca, solid in form, both with long narrowness where the northwestern crabs emerge.

Wrenne and Tom met here in the summer of 1913. He was the park painter, she was staying at her parents' little cottage on the northern tip of Canoe Lake. Thomsen was 35 when he discovered Algonquin, 38 when it claimed his life. From the park his best-known paintings are believed to have come. *Rocky on Snow*, *West Wind*, *Northwest Light* and *Jack Pine*. To support his painting

he worked as a guide, and a good one, for he was like, patient, and utterly taken by the outdoors.

Wrenne was 33 when they met, and they were tall together, dark together, a fine-looking couple. And if Tom Thomsen was an original to the legends of 1913, he was surely a godsend to Wrenne, single at more than 30. Certainly they were engaged in the spring before he died. Thomsen had even received a letter for a full honeymoon.

Tom was, despite the suspicious lumberman, popular. He had only one known enemy, Martin Bletcher Jr., an American of German descent who was openly pro-Germany in those early years when Canada was at war with America was not. He spent his summers at Canoe Lake, drank a lot and quarreled a lot. He later became a driftologist, as the States declared war. Much later, in the early 1930s, he died in his sleep. Thomsen was a pacifist who supposedly used to rub his face with corned dogs because of that diet.

On July 7, 1937, Bletcher and Thomsen found themselves in the same drinking party in a guide's cabin at Canoe Lake. They argued about the war, and Bletcher was heard to say something along the lines of "Don't get in my way if you know what's good for you."

The next day Thomsen's canoe was found afloat. The canoe had the paddle locked in porting position (he) sloped, and Thomsen was known to be obstinate in such things. This forensic art profile was never found.

On July 16 his body floated to the surface, fully eight days after the canoe had been found, highly unusual in warm weather. Floating. He was wrapped around the stern's handle but before he had entangled himself or someone had tied him up. Known. There was — as

continued on page 48

Fall, forus



means ripening, apple orchards heavy laden, the land yielding up its bounty, and everywhere the woods alive with colour.

Some maintain that autumn is the best time in the Maritimes.

Charming old world lodges are uncrowded, the golf links are never better, informality abounds, while the Gulf Stream keeps us warm.

Fly and drive' excursions make summer's diversions, if anything, easier to get to: Port Royal, Fort Beauséjour, Louisbourg, King's Landing,

Charlottetown... Our heritage restored bids welcome. Art galleries, museums, theatres, the finest of seafoods fresh from the sea, these things continue.

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CANOE LAKE

continue
more one Musk, wooden rock.
Gibby's backyard in Chase Lake, and
he knows of an outcrop that would once
come near the gateway.

Wanna was furious about the 1915
dog, Gibby really telling to her.

"I told her exactly what I thought, and
she told me that she gave permission to
the Indians to use Tom's outfit to bury
this Indian. I said, 'Well, where'd he
come from?' and she said, 'Well, they
were just going by, and he died.'"

No one was about to believe that and
so one was already willing to accept the
official report. The people of the lake,
looking for an answer, would
possibly be the wisest decision. You
can't blame them. Even so, though, they
rely the imagination.

A ghost has no time for facts, and it is
the ghost which is the most delicate
part of the Thomson story.

Many Northwesterners have written over
the years in 1915 in the and her guide
published her own a fishing trip. A canoe
clashed out to meet them, the paddler
dressed in a yellow shirt, looking and
saying in that characteristic low-and-
draw voice of Thomson's. They called
out and it vanished.

The odd paddle which was Thomson's
Traverse was never found. And the canoe
disappeared shortly after 1917.

The last canoe, however, are not
known, for they were the private property
of Jimmy Stringer, the 73-year-old
"Mayor" of Chase Lake, the area's best-
known, who lived there "one
small with his house back in a
double-end house on the north shore.

When I saw Jimmy last spring, it took
me more than a day to locate him up
that knobby, and he had talked about
every member in both our families, he
put the most of his pipe to his mouth,
drew the strong closed on a ruffled to-
bacco pipe, leaned over and finished
my forearm. "Alright, lad, I know
don't have some things in it" (Jimmy
seldom said "I") preferring a nickname.

FINDING YOURSELF from page 26
saw envelope and pop into a 425-
year-old 30-minute. Open the envelope,
taking great care not to spill any more
anywhere, for the letter has a most
memorable possession. Fold the envelope
carefully and put in a plastic garbage
bag. Serve the letter with a wedge of
butter. If you have a glass, garnish with
a splash of punch. A most change. No-
thing. High in protein.

This morning I had for breakfast right
cup of coffee and half a pack of cy-
crites. You know how it is.

When breakfast is over and the dishes
done, the apartment is still silent. I had
some time off from work so I noticed the
silence. I noticed a few other things, too.

(first few others are used.)

First he told me of how he met Thom-
son in the summer of 1915. Jimmy was
staying over with his uncle Jack Cal-
houn, a ranger at Grand Lake north of
Chase Lake. Thomson passed in this
area that summer when people think it
was the setting for *Walt Whitman and Jack
Parr* and he often called on the Cal-
houns. Jimmy learned to recognize
Thomson from a distance, just by the
way he paddled, up close, Jimmy
formed a deep impression of Tom
Thomson's features. It served him well
years later, when Jimmy and the ghost
crossed trails.

"There were two of us, paddling back
from a two-week trip. The rest of the
geographical point on shore, having lunch
with this American fellow. Jimmy had
just started a smoke when this fellow up
front started something.

"I asked him when he'd be thought

JIMMY SAT FROZEN UNTIL THE AMERICAN DISSOLVED INTO THE MIST

he was doing, and he turned around
where we sat. 'Didn't you see him?'

he asked me, and Jimmy says, 'See who?'

"The guy telling about my brother
kissing, dressed by some old."

"Well, Jimmy didn't seem to hear
anyone, but one of the group ahead was
his fellow's brother. So we headed back
straightaway. The ship kept descending
the man he'd seen. I'd long black
hair, yellow shirt, looking something like
an Indian. Just like I remember
Tom Thomson.

"And sure enough, once we got back
to my old work, the others were still
diving for the fellow's brother."

Jimmy began to believe fairly in the
ghost when several summers later he
happened to be paddling down to the
government docks very early one morn-
ing, the mist was heavy, reluctant to
leave even after the sun began to dry it

from getting dirty. Windows getting
grime. Drop a spoon. Behind the dagger
and you had, upon getting after it,
something that looks like a central Asian
village a few days after Alaska and the
Hunt had passed through.

I am a short story writer, an artist of
words. All artists are perfectionists. Not all
things, but we all are. A painter I
know has the most important I've
ever seen. Besides the usual para-
phernalia of life he has all the junk
parties and to do their work. And all
the time, sculpted into a fish tank, a car,
model cars and airplanes (you replace,
gold chips, cut board, 30 pages, 20 re-
sidual costumes (usually), artist's tools for

A grey-green coat slipped out of this
fog and dove up inside Jimmy. It was a
puzzling Tom Thomson, and Jimmy sat
alone until the afternoon dissolved.

The thing of these stories had Jimmy
dying and lighting his pipe slowly, re-
peating it out and fumbling frantically
with the tiny pipe.

"I told you what, lad, I know. You and
Jimmy will settle this once and for all.
Just the two of us, this summer. Don't
believe a word of what you hear about
that body they dug up being Thomson's.
Don't believe a word about what Mark
Robinson said. Tom Thomson may be a
ghost, but he was never shot. Maria
Robinson didn't have the guts to shoot
anybody. And Jimmy said, 'I know it.'
'Cause Jimmy Stringer is the only one
left that knows where the real grave is."

Once before, and only once, I had
seen across a dream story that the
friends of Thomson ruled the grave be-
fore Churchill the undertaker came
along the body for shipment to Leth-
bridge. The story had it that Churchill, contrary
to being too busy to be bothered digging,
had actually done the exhumation,
found nothing, but but he was afraid to
admit it. Jimmy Stringer would have
been too young in 1967 to have been in-
volved in such a macabre scheme, but he
was intimate with each old-timer as
might have been involved, but who knows
how many faded into history.

So another believing me, disbelieving, I
made plans with Jimmy to get together
at Chase Lake this summer. We'd fish a
couple of days, and then go digging.

But summer needed to wait. One week
day, when the ice was still up with the
warmer weather, Jimmy's to-be-born
pouch came bubbling up in the open wa-
ters of Chase Lake. And after his
friends had dug up the open grave,
Jimmy Stringer had returned.

He was a thin old man, tough-knuckled
and carpalized, but he tried to open up
an old mystery, and that, apparently,
cannot be the park jump into the off.

telling the future, history books for tell-
ing the past, stories that tell every-
thing in its place. Everything.

I've watched him and it's simple. As
soon as you finish using anything you
put it back in its place. At once. Every-
thing.

That's all very well if you're been
doing it for years. Starting is something
quite different. Because the essence of
housekeeping is that it never ends. I
don't just mean that it has to be done
over and over again. I mean that one
thing leads inevitably to another, they
keep coming. Like those Chinese cook-
ies in nothing so different over the cliff.

Departure day left me with one blank
continued on page 52

This one we keep.

Gold Crown is a
Canadian Whisky that's strictly for Canadians.
Too many of our best whiskies get exported away from us.
But not this one. We're keeping it here for you.
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feeding yourself! contented wall. Blank because three paintings that had been there were gone. But not blank, for there were three big white spaces. I had three other pictures to put on the wall, but of course they didn't fit the space.

There is no way to wash part of a wall, you must wash all of it. This one is 30 feet long. Where you wash a wall you dry water on the floor. You wipe up the water and you have a one foot wide strip of floor which is cleaner than the rest. Washing all the floor means washing the floor. There comes right now and once a week into perpetuity. And while you're

washing the floor you find a chair with torn lining and it's bleeding some sort of blue dust onto the floor, so you fix it.

When you're finally ready to put up the paintings you notice the glass is dirty. You can always put off a job like that until tomorrow because the glass of civilization is a uniform coating. But you get canvas, you want to know just how thick the glass is, you wet a finger and wipe it across an inch long, lo, griddle! And while you're at it, why not do the other 19 paintings? And since the glass cleaner is out, why not do the mirrors. And the windows. Which means

dropping water on the mirrors, making how much dust a mirror will pick up, and water on the floor, that finally soiled floor. (At this point you realize once an ancient truth you don't ever clean from the top down.)

All of which leaves you, about midnight, dirty, sweaty, hungry, thirsty and sore on every joint. In the middle of the room a bucket of dirty water. Damp night. Crumpled newspapers.

Satisfaction? About 16 seconds worth. Then you notice the other walls, you'll have to do them. Next week. Sure. Well, why not just paint the place?

In the state you can collapse into bed. Or you can have a shower, pull on your best looks (oh, don't bother polishing them) and head for the nearest alcoholic. Having a beer from the fridge will not help. For you slosh into your favorite chair, take a nap, you're vaguely about the room and then a voice, from this angle, a smudge of cleaning fluid on the glass of the viewing shows the buffer.

A world record! Perhaps, while eating breakfast one morning, I noticed a stain that under the buffet. After breakfast, I swept it up, decided to sweep the whole floor. Over by the windows I noticed some grime on the floor. I'd left the window's open during a storm.

While working up the splotches, I spilled water on the rug. Couldn't leave the wet rug on the floor, had to bring it out to dry. It's dirty job and had picked up a lot of sand over the water in it. I decided to leave it, did so, then decided to wash it as well. Work rug, you say?

No, it didn't stink. I washed it in cold water. Twenty times I washed it. It took six hours. And that was the rug part. The most requested thing about washing rugs is knowing for long range weather forecast, for it takes three days of hot sunny weather to dry the thing. I left it about an old friend dropped in a few days later. After an hour or so he still hadn't mentioned the rug, so I did. "Well, of course I noticed it. I thought it was new."

"Flattery."

"Honesty. The old one didn't have black and green, did it?"

The single worst cleaning job is not the rug or behind the toilet bowl or under the fridge or even the inside of the oven. It is the wall behind the stove.

Some sort of chemical change happens to grease when it splatters on a wall. A dramatic chemical change. There's a word for that stuff, a word you hear if you're ever being around a service station or the garage on a Saturday afternoon, which is, grease, or older cars are inflicting with a car.

"Owe me a rag we'll soon get off some of that gunk."

That's the word.

And you don't put off the wall with a

rag, either. Concentrated heavy duty cleanser like a wash for half an hour, then scrubbed with a putty knife. The only time to attack gunk is during spring cleaning. Go to bed early on Friday night, start work on a wet morning, a bright sunny Saturday in June. You have to be able to leave all the windows wide open to let out the chemical smelt.

Most cleaning jobs require lead cleaning. Food chemicals and crawling about the floor. You have to wear old clothes, your knees hurt, your hands get red, and you get back and shoulder get all sore from standing on such corners.

In fact, there is only one pleasant cleaning job, and that's the laundry. I have one of those little apartment washing machines. I keep it behind the closet door and roll it out once a week. The laundry is so pleasant that I have popped out of bed on a Saturday morning with a hangover and three hours sleep simply because my senses told me the weather was fairly airy, perfect for work on the line.

In doing the laundry you don't use fresh chemicals. You don't crawl under the floor. It yields obvious and satisfactory results. In just a few hours that stink with the honey-pot speech is gone in the dust is clean again.

But the great glory of the laundry is the peace that permeates the coat. No, wait, I know I'm only talking about the laundry of one person and that is the summer when it can go out on the line. It is ironic that two or three times one child would change things considerably.

No, the laundry of one person with all the lines included is a nice chunk of work with a soothing pace to it, a peaceful rhythm. There is just enough work to keep you interested. The kids wash clothes are very fast—about three minutes for the entire wash cycle. You use ordinary clothes and there are none of the mad patches you get with washing ("If that sweater Minolta doesn't wash in it is no accident.") During the process you stand there idly working the machine and gazing out at the length air.

And as that length air, after a while, the clothes float and follow in the updrafts. I don't care what the soap people say, there is nothing, but nothing, like sunlight and fresh air to get your clothes clean and white and bright and fresh. Which leads to another of the great rhythmic virtues of the laundry. We are told all the time by the media, by our own sense, that say people have lost contact with the great rhythms of nature, the rising and setting of the sun, the movement of the weather across the sky above us, the passing of the seasons.

The laundry will reunite you with nature. As I mentioned, even my legs sense will wake me if they pick up evidence of wash weather, something that breeds will not do. Once the work is on

continued on page 67

Thomas Mann said it:

"Time cools, time clarifies, no mood can be maintained quite unaltered through the course of hours"

Minolta captures it:



Thomas Mann

J. Reynolds

Each of us perceives time in his own manner. An unfolding bud. The embodiment of a dream. The possibility of an old man interpreting these personal insights is one of the joys of owning a Minolta SRT camera and MC Rokkor lenses. Within this refined system are features created for the interpretation of those exercises of the mind's eye which dwell in each of us.

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ALLIED
THE BIG MOVERS

women. In your shaggyed recovery from the disaster, you start with all the above basics of life. But this:

Comes the day you're sitting there eating Beefch. zzzzz. Beefy, cutted young pelicans and melted peas. You're sipping a yeasty, full-bodied red wine from the correct glass. You're wearing fresh-washed-and-line-dried clothes. The apartment is spotless. And watching the Expos overlooking the Dodgers in the eighth. Something is barely wrong.

I mean, it's not that Mike Montalini is chugging up his seventh beer, that I've said Hi to him just once, that I've never even double-played, that in this much. Surely put another one on the swimming pool and beyond the scoreboard. But it's out of phase somehow, like hanging a jockey on a silver candlestick.

After all, this is Montreal, isn't it? I've been to New York, Paris, London, Dubai, Barcelona, Toronto... around a bit. But I can't mix with total cowards that the most beautiful women in the world are Montreal women. No, don't bother trying to argue, I'll have none of it. Of course, beauty is only outward show, but you can't help noticing it. And watching all people in the night, then Montreal women could be just as interesting people as all other women. So why am I watching a hell game?

Well, I don't know. It doesn't reach matter why, anyway. The fact is I was spending my evening with "the boys." This is fine. They like good cooking, they enjoy talking. But they do drink a lot of beer and their conversation, while very interesting in its own way, inevitably turns out rather tedious. And they get bored in their own places when the beer is all drunk. You can't dance with them. So you decide it's about time you started paying some attention to those wonderful creatures who make a trip to the corner for milk seem either like walking through heaven, like how?

If you have a decent marriage you've already got all the women you need. So you get out of practice.

At least Montreal is interesting. Montreal women are not just interested in their own beauty, but in yours too. As you approach one along Sherbrooke Street, she will look at you. And if the look you look she will look at you and smile. It's as if she's saying, "I've taken care to look my best and I'm glad you appreciate the effort it has taken, and I'm glad you've also taken some time and trouble to look your best. It's pleasant isn't it? Keep Montreal beautiful, eh? And perhaps some other time, some other place." And then she's just and then's another one 10 feet further on. Make no mistake, this is definitely a look-at-yourself arrangement that puts only a necessary or a trivial or a sure stick or a very subtle and the really it just going to hatch and die

probably has a boyfriend and meeting her is just as difficult as it is a waitress.

A friend who became attached about the same time as I did put the problem this way: "Where do I find and how do I meet an intelligent, witty, well-read, neat, single, 30-year-old woman?"

"An aunt, but not a necessity." "Mum?"

"I mean, do such creatures exist? Aren't they all married?"

"Well, sure they exist. I mean, we're the male equivalent. Sometimes."

"Name one?"

"An hour later I had to admit: "Okay, okay, you've got me. But I still can't find them."

"Thankfully."

"All we have to do is find them, like that thing in *Woman the Post*, you know, where do you see a trap for hellcats?"

"Where the hellcats are only two feet in front of him."

"Exactly. You won't find your woman in a man's lair, for example."

"Your logic has the clarity, the simplicity of meanness spring water."

"Of course. Now, how about how about that hotel where the stewardesses stay?"

"Too young."

"Well, do you know anyone in the CBC?"

"Only in Toronto."

"We could try hanging around the lobby of the Radio Canada building all night, all right. I'm only joking."

"I'm warning."

I am beginning to see the light.

"That's your problem, you just want to sit and have the women walk in and lay down in your lap."

"It would help, wouldn't it?"

"Well, you've almost got it, my friend."

"Where is she?"

"No, I mean, it can happen if you just put your lap in the right place. We just put your lap in the kind of bar where the right sort of women drinks and eat."

"I thought we'd agreed that that sort of thing was cruel and vulgar and that we were a lot too far off."

"Not trying to pick you up, but waiting for them to pick up is a bit of a cynical dilemma. We put it down so if we were out for a few hours. We let them do all the work."

"Is the waitress we spend a fortune and get alcohol poisoning?"

"Yeah, old man, you need faith."

"That's what Wilbur Jenkins had."

"Who's Wilbur Jenkins?"

"He invented the airplane."

"That was Wilbur Wright and brother Orville."

"Jenkins invented the airplane in 1911."

"Fine, okay, well if you will, but there are now words to be discovered, now lives to be lived. The hand and the stomach, but all the muscles and joints."

You feel delicate all over. You need sunglasses. You move very slowly. Everyone seems to be shouting. As you sit staring at another glass and another emptying your depleted bank account you feel yourself restoring. "She'll see in hell better appreciate that."

But was never found by the way. But I mean the past was not a failure. You don't have to believe me.

So I went back to the old scheme. Go to parties. Look up old friends. Finally I got used to the hell with it and went back to watching old Expos. Obviously the women did appear. I don't know why or how or when I did that was different.

One woman friend gave me some advice that I find outrageous, though I've acted under it. She said, "Women are only interested in a man that other women are interested in. Be sure with one on your arm and others will flock after you."

"Like a decoy, you mean?"

"Like a decoy."

"You're cynical beyond your years, young lady."

"And I drink too much."

"So do I. Let's have another."

"Why not?"

"Why not indeed?"

It's been 13 months now. The dishes are washed. My knee cap has to do the other end of the table to its other aspect. The aspect may be glowing because I polished it a few minutes ago. I'm proud of the neat kitchen, the shining cupboards.

But the apartment is no longer as clean as it was during that first burst of enthusiasm. There's more dust under the buffet, the rug is full of weed seeds, there is a dull film over the pictures.

When dinner starts, my brain-keeping. For me, for a while, it did the job. Now it's becoming a job I do. When I began to serve a few weeks ago that the enjoyment was wearing thin, I looked around for something else. I found Strawn writers. They said your mind if things, take you back to old Vienna, an elegant ballroom, glimmering chandeliers, the ink and sweat of gay, loveless music, gay, loveless people, the quality of perfume, champagne, hot eyes.

When housekeeping fails, by Strawn writers. They seek you too. ■

FINALLY I SAID THE HELL WITH IT AND WENT BACK TO WATCHING THE EXPOS

* Where the hellcats are only two feet in front of him.

* Exactly. You won't find your woman in a man's lair, for example.

* Your logic has the clarity, the simplicity of meanness spring water.

* Of course. Now, how about how about that hotel where the stewardesses stay?

* Too young.

* Well, do you know anyone in the CBC?

* Only in Toronto.

* We could try hanging around the lobby of the Radio Canada building all night, all right. I'm only joking.

* I'm warning.

* I am beginning to see the light.

* That's your problem, you just want to sit and have the women walk in and lay down in your lap.

* It would help, wouldn't it?

* Well, you've almost got it, my friend.

* Where is she?

* No, I mean, it can happen if you just put your lap in the right place. We just put your lap in the kind of bar where the right sort of women drinks and eat.

* I thought we'd agreed that that sort of thing was cruel and vulgar and that we were a lot too far off.

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* Is the waitress we spend a fortune and get alcohol poisoning?

* Yeah, old man, you need faith.

* That's what Wilbur Jenkins had.

* Who's Wilbur Jenkins?

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You'll love it in December as you loved it in May.

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anxiety the possibility of becoming industrial victims of its state

All these were monetary costs which could, with some difficulty and hectoring, be carried, but it is hard to become clear that monetary costs were not the only costs of continuous growth, just as hard, ignorant and political concepts were not the only unfortunate consequences. The greatest cost, beside which all other charges in the account seemed trivial as the war, was the cost in basic human needs and values. Six years ago a professor in London University published a book called *The Cost of Economic Growth*. The cover of the paperback edition portrayed a man jumping from a tall gallow which, on close inspection, turned out to be a stylized drawing of the familiar pound sterling sign. The hanging man is shouting "Help!" Below, another man, in question marks, perhaps intended as a reviewer of the author, replies, "As you grow, so do I, my wee!" It was not long before Canadian began to realize that there was good cause for tears in that illustration: surely they were creating. The quality of life in their towns and cities had become vitiated by the over-crowding of higher apartment blocks, the traffic of packed streets and expressways, the contamination of farms and suburbs, and the endless number of non-renewable mineral combustion engines. Their best agricultural and recreational land had been sacrificed to electric transmission corridors, highway highways, huge airports and industrial community projects, invaded by self-contained compounds of developers and politicians. Sewage and industrial wastes had fouled the waters, and unfertilized the marine life of the lakes and rivers. Oil-drilling, pipelines, huge hydroelectric projects in the far north

threatened to disrupt its natural drainage systems, damage its vegetation and wild life, and seriously injure the native culture of its Indian and Inuit.

There were many reasons for tears; but a number of Canadians, moved of indignation in vain weeping, decided to take action. Some were so indignant by the undeniable consequences of the national "growthmania" that they simply "spoke out." They raised early, sold their businesses, left their jobs and fled to wherever freedom they could find. Others entered the ranks of the counter-revolution and environmentalists and joined the fight against the contamination of air and water, the rising costs of noise and the destruction of natural peace and harmony. Canadians banded together to oppose new highway apartment blocks, elevated expressways, and unneeded air terminals in Toronto, Vancouver and Montreal. They elected new reforming city councils, pledged to resist the ravages of development, and the "developed" case the national example of municipal growth, became an exorcised and banned figure. The new Minister of Municipal Affairs in 1968 announced the revolutionary doctrine that cities were for people, not for the provincial government of Ontario began to subsidize public transport.

All these efforts to protect the natural environment and to preserve human life certainly reveal a strongly new attitude to the popular idea of the post-war period. But in the new, created spirit among people, is change or what, is experience, the prevailing trend of the past 30 years? Without doubt, Canadians have shown increasing dissatisfaction and disgust with many of the present consequences of unbridled growth, but have they in any way questioned their basic assumptions about

the good society, or to consider any drastic change in the direction of their country? It seems obvious that the growth majority are not prepared for any radical new departure, but at the same time, this does not necessarily mean that the nation will continue indefinitely in the old way as the nation of Canada may not change their beliefs as values to a hurry but their consciousness may alter considerably. The great changes of the past three decades did not grow solely out of material lust, energy and material power, it also had its roots in certain fundamental factors of the previous period, in a rapid population growth and in the discovery and exploitation of new industrial materials and sources of energy. And from now on, these two forces may exercise a restraining act an expensive force.

In 1960, the Canadian birthrate, which had remained inexplicably high since the Second World War, began to decline and for the last dozen years it has been lower than at any other period in the previous half-century. This steady and increasingly steady drop over a decade appears to have established a trend, a trend directly the opposite of that which characterized Canadian development from 1945 to 1960. Nobody can forecast — in this matter perhaps show all efforts — how long a trend will continue. In the late 1960s, when the birthrate was low, but not so low as it is now, Canadian demographers predicted a very slow population growth much slower than it had occurred. The trend showed that population and it was the same again. The population will continue to grow, once if the low birthrate persists, and it will be a long time before we reach equilibrium. Yet, in the meantime, new important changes will come in the composition, by age, of the Canadian people. There will be fewer school-children, fewer university students, fewer women for the labor force, fewer young couples leaving houses and household equipment. The decade will come gradually and without the shock that university administrators felt recently when they were confronted by a sudden, sharp drop in student population. Up to then, they had always budgeted for growth. Hereafter they will have to plan for decline or stability.

As the continuation of university presidents and engaged parents of school boards show, planning for decline is not the first priority, however, may be a disconcerting business. Yet this is not the only painful new experience the Canadian people may have to undergo in future. The slackening of the population growth rate is only one of the fundamental changes in Canadian circumstances, another, equally painful, is the depletion of our natural resources, and particularly of new

sources of energy. Oil and natural gas, which most people cannot be renewed, they can only be conserved, and, instead of being conserved, they are, in fact, being squandered in the most prodigal fashion. Canadians are guilty parties to the waste, but they also are responsible for the waste of another people, 10 times as numerous as themselves, with a far more voracious industrial system and an even greater appetite for luxurious living. The recently concluded arms of the American government is to persuade Canadians that their natural resources, including oil and gas, are really common resources freely available to Americans in exactly the same way as their own domestic supplies, and, up to now, the Canadians have been only too ready to sell out their birthright for a quick buck. Obviously this prodigious consumption of non-renewable energy cannot go on accelerating forever, and if Canadian resources are to be wasted in the satisfaction of a constant of 180 million extravagant people, the end may come more quickly than we think. It is only 25 years since the famous discovery of the Leduc oil field, and already the exploitation of our last reserves in the Arctic has begun, and the possibility of the Alaskan oil sands have come under consideration.

Other forms of energy, such as coal and electric power, are of course available, newer forms such as nuclear power already exist or may be invented. We should be able to obtain natural gas and oil for a good many years to come, but only, it now seems clear, at steadily increasing prices which may eventually put them beyond the reach of a large part of our population. Men's love affair with the automobile may come to an end for a great many Canadians, simply because this means will become too expensive to keep. Home comfort at the touch of a thermostat may grow so costly that large numbers of Canadians will be driven back to the coal or wood-burning furnaces of previous days. For a quarter-century, we have enjoyed affluence on the cheap, instant mobility and instant comfort at bargain prices, and a great deal of the luxury we owe to oil and natural gas. Any serious decline in the supply or any important increase in price in these fuels could effect a transformation in the basic circumstances of our existence, the extent of which it is almost impossible to imagine. All we can be certain of is that the consequences will affect Canadians much more than other North Americans. For many causes of the United States a "restrained" oil policy would result simply in a little discomfort, for most Canadians it would mean a greater ordeal.

Changes, whether we will them or not, are probably on their way. How will

Canadians cope with them? They have, it seems to me, two choices. They can start making small changes and increasingly painful sacrifices which will enable them to adjust to the narrower limits of the future, or they can begin to plan now for a radically different environment. For 30 years they have acted on the principle that economic growth and prosperity were the only road to the good life. Their motto has been "enough does not matter" or, to quote the old Indian sage's opinion of whiskey, "a little too much is just enough." The time may come soon

when there will not be "a little too much" of everything, but there will be enough, if Canada tries, as far as possible, to live on her own and to seek not for growth but for equilibrium. An indefinite prospect of continuous growth before the country, if only Canadians have the wisdom to ensure it, but this radical change in the direction of our course requires a new conception of the purpose of life, a strong belief in the value of Canadian independence and a real capacity for united action by Canadian governments and all this is perhaps far more than we can hope for.

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DANIEL PUE

about." And it sometimes ends up with the face pinto as keen thought, war or loss, they rarely know they're playing. On the particular Archa Antiocha, the crowd with Jewish army all on on their way to border post, boatloads in Israeli with herbicide on their knees, an American package says (sweep in Amazon, concrete and uncrackable wigs, raw fishbones in meat, two slender Jews in curled car locks, a knot stick is a *huyfich* with everybody shouting about the canyon in English, Latvian, French and New Yorkese. "Listen, I told you we shouldn't" bellowed with Sherm-o-Sherik, the body over the table as a *descent*). — Ray

SRAEL

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LADY continued

Memory, who covered the distance in the astonishing space of 1.8 to 4.3. Next time out, April 2, back in by her own fire. La Prévost was a six-furlong race on a sloppy track early. Again, on April 23, she was at Churchill Downs, on a fast track, but by only a head. After almost every race I spoke with Lévesque, and after almost every race he warned me things were going according to plan — he plus and his sister Yvonne Starr's plan. The picture in all of La Prévost's races was that same man, John LeBlanc. He, Starr and Lévesque must have had visions of the millions as Lucien Lamont and Ron Turcott's rivals.

But in May 4, a day before the Kentucky Derby, at the Kentucky Oaks, a 3-1/2-mile race for fillies, Lévesque saw his horse take a four-length lead up the stretch and then lose by five lengths to Bag of Tunes. The next day, of course, the wonder horse that was a western horse, Secretariat, broke the silver record in winning the Kentucky Derby.

Defiant not anything a horseman likes. Defiant not anything Jean-Louis Lévesque likes. La Prévost was not just any horse in his stable. This was the horse, the magic, wonderful horse he will speak of with emotion, awe, and out-and-out jealousy if anyone tells him of La Prévost's at the greatest horse he has ever owned. Lévesque meant to think, maintain Favre's horse, and others. But direct questions about La Prévost are of a different order, and so are Lévesque's answers. A horse like that being so personal, and proud, I think that he spoke of the horse man's child which says not the best of horses but to her owner — witness Secretariat's exceptional loss at the Wood Memorial prior to the Kentucky Derby — Lévesque at some ways thought he had his pony animal. More significantly, LeBlanc started in check (the son, and perhaps, on some point late in 1972, Trainer Starr had that opinion).

The year 1972 could easily come back in an event of a horse that won 12 straight. I began following La Prévost long ago a news man, when she characteristically broke on top of the pack and left all her filly legs lighting for second race. In 1972, when I was in a state of mind that recognized the miracle of two wooden horses appearing in the one racing year. But La Prévost's loss at the Kentucky Oaks made the legend actually. Hence race, as I pointed out as a Mackay's article on Ron Turcott last year, as a game of blurring. Only one horse was a given race, and only one set of those who given and right enough: all others are colored in black — even those who winners and losers blame jockeys.

At the Kentucky filly race all three — Lévesque, Starr, LeBlanc — looked to La Prévost for explanation, and La

Prévost obliged. The guilty days of 1972 were clearly over. La Prévost could be bad, it wasn't yet established how she would be bad — by truck condition, by the distance of a race, by the quality of the opposition, by having to race in the big Canadian arena, against who so well as against Elton.

For most of those weeks, between Churchill Downs and her first race in an allowance race at Blue Bonnets in Montreal, La Prévost took it rather easy. She was the Montreal race like the La Prévost of old, by eight lengths on a fast track, in the starting

time for an allowance of \$10-15-45 (almost two seconds slower, remember, than in her loss to Gold Memory the last time she had gone to Churchill). That race was only a prep for the real target, the Quebec Derby, in which La Prévost would take on both odds and filly at a distance of 10 miles. The track came up sloppy — even sloppy — and La Prévost's breeders home first over Victoria Prince, a colt, by 2 1/2 lengths.

The following week, seven calendar days later — La Prévost was out at Woodbine to pick up what looked like a contract on page 66.

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PETER C. NEWMAN is the Editor of Montreal's Magazine. He has guided a national television show by accident. He is from Ontario. He is at the Magazine in the late 1970s. Let's be honest: only political, corporate life. He gave a national political cartoon with a popularity of 2.5 million. He is a citizen in 1960 to become editor of the Toronto Star. He has won the National Newspaper Award for editorial excellence, the Writers' Union Award for the CBC documentary and was member of the prize-winning York University award. Peter Newman is a writer who has been described as "a mixture of grand plan and machine detail".

Every reader who responds to this special introductory offer will receive a first edition copy specially autographed by the author.

Remember now: just two weeks earlier, the great Secretariat had won the Belmont and the Triple Crown by 31 lengths. In the Oaks at Woodbine, during the first six furlongs in 1:09-2/5, a fantastic pace of the race was only a mile long — and leading by, at one point, 19 lengths, though the official chart shows a lead of 12 when the call was made — La

Prevoyante, close to the track record at a mile, followed, step by step, and, for the first time in her life, finished in far back at third. In the Oaks she went off the favorite at the overwhelming odds of 8-20 — something Secretariat, at that point, had not done. She was beaten by two Ellers while, racing credentials hardly suggested there to be La Prevoyante's lead horse onto the track. Something, clearly, had gone wrong. Were those John Lefkowitz's racing instructions or did he, remembering Secretariat's 11-length win, reach beyond La Prevoyante's strength that day to

come up with a smashing victory everyone would compare with Secretariat's in the Belmont? Shuts, it's called, when you tempt the fate, right? And shuts, in case you've forgotten those savage Greek mindlines, says that those who overreach themselves have to be shafted — and good. Lightning didn't strike John Lefkowitz on Yonkers Stair, but Louis Lefkowitz's wonderful Ells was suddenly run right into the ground.

Racing, more, I think, than any other sport, is afflicted with euphemisms, a terrible breed who was for disaster with the stonky and portance of jockeys, and when it strikes, plunges headlong into the record books to come up with it, the guilty corpse. When Secretariat lost the Wood Memorial race and most of other necessary were written to explain how field ruler horses you aren't bred to go the distance, when Secretariat won the Triple Crown I don't recall one track explainer taking back the tip he had put on Bold Ruler only weeks before. When La Prevoyante lost the Kentucky Oaks, the back began, but the target name was La Prevoyante's daddy, Buckpasser, as an afterthought, the turf was put a little heat on La Prevoyante's mommy, Arctic Dancer. Winning the Quebec Derby at 3 it makes seemed the handle for a week. But when La Prevoyante lost the Canadian Oaks the wrong peaked up again — drastically! A horse in a 16-mile race does as furlongs in 1:09-2/5 and the explainer was to blame the horse's puppy.

It was okay for Ron Turcotte to let Secretariat go in the Belmont because Secretariat had killed off Shorn, and the rest of the field was laboring just to keep Secretariat in sight. If La Prevoyante had won over the Canadian Oaks field by 31 lengths John Lefkowitz would have proved nothing.

Give me, look at the killing schedule set for La Prevoyante:

- June 26 The Quebec Derby 14 miles
- June 29 The Canadian Oaks 14 miles
- June 30 The Queen's Plate 14 miles
- In 15 days a three-year-old filly was



being asked to run a total of 36 miles! The day before the Queen's Plate, Yonkers Stair advised that he wasn't happy about the fatiguing round Lefkowitz's filly had been put through.

"We thought she would have an easy race in the Oaks. It didn't work out that way, and now my position is much the same as Lucien Laurin, after Secretariat's disappointing race in the Wood Memorial."

Stair was waging. His position was set at all "the same" in Lucien Laurin's after the Wood Memorial. First, Ron Turcotte in no time forced Secretariat to run at a round stop. Turcotte clearly kept his eye on the Derby and, at some point in the Wood, decided not to ride Secretariat into a state of fatigue. The other difference was that Secretariat after the Wood had two weeks, not La Prevoyante's one, to rest up for the big race. Secretariat's Triple Crown schedule, in contrast with La Prevoyante's, spread over 30 days, even if the total distance of his three races was slightly longer, 3-13-16 miles.

Two days before the Queen's Plate I had lunch with Jean-Louis Lefkowitz at Woodbine. The track was shabby — La Prevoyante's lot of going — rain was possible the night before the race. I asked him an obvious question — was he going to stick with Lefkowitz. The answer was that he was sticking with Yonkers Stair, and Yonkers Stair was sticking with Lefkowitz. Earlier I had spoken with Bruce Walker, the publicity director of the Ontario Jockey Club. All the explanation to the Canadian Oaks, it seems, had been shocked out of their minds by what happened to Lefkowitz's reputation in the Oaks.

On Belmont day, when Mr. Turcotte was accepting congratulations for Secretariat's great victory, Lefkowitz had avoided her, her husband and Mr. and Mrs. Lucien Laurin to be his guests at the Queen's Plate. They had all accepted. Which meant, of course, that Ron Turcotte could be laid off his horse under ride at Aqueduct on the Saturday of the Queen's Plate. But shortly after Lefkowitz moved his entrance, television and Chicago's Arlington Park could up a 15-day rest just to give people in the Midwest a chance to see racing's great Triple Crown winner in one field (there were not only Lefkowitz's planned party but Ron Turcotte — if that is, Lefkowitz and Stair were to consider a double party change so late as last. Talking with Bruce Walker, knowing that Ron Turcotte was out, I thought of the solution one might suggest to Lefkowitz — get somebody hot, like Jerome Vengem, or Lefkowitz's son, to fly in for the Plate, guaranteeing the rider 10% of the purse at whatever stakes race he'd be in that Queen's Plate Saturday.

In my last column conversation with Lefkowitz on page 76



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Appendix 1

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Some wrath in return

It is a discredit to Canada's so-called "National Magazine," to the integrity of journalism in general and your Sharon Aschard in particular that you published *The Snow On Wish* in the May issue of *Maclean's*.

Had poor Shamus Arbutnot been interested in capitalist reporting then in agricultural life, the novel would have come to southern Alberta to see for herself. And she would have found: (1) that workers come here in the spring for best housing and housing, but have nearly all returned home before fall because most of the harvesting is mechanized, (2) that best worker housing is continually being upgraded and that relations between worker and farmer are improving, (3) that a divorcee sister of Tabor, managed by a naive couple, has done much to assist other people in their recreational needs, and (4) that all is not so bad in sunny northern Alberta, and farmers are not the villains you have painted them to be.

GEORGE F. CHRY, SECRETARY-TREASURER,
TAMAR CHAMBERS OF COMMERCE, S.W.

I have just finished reading John Hufman's review of *Crush* in *The Sun*, which is being shown this year at Ontario Place. He doesn't like it because it's not a "film." Well, let me just say that my wife and I saw it and liked it. I took a group of children, and they loved it. John Hufman should stick to movie theaters; they're air-conditioned to keep the aroma and feelings of people out of his head.

A. SIVAKI, ACHARYA, D.M.

Walter Stewart's article on Defense Minister James Richardson — *Conservative And Clout (May)* — struck me as being shallow by Maclean's standards. Stewart sets Richardson strictly as a Westerner, a lone wolf in the capital howling about the ills of his underdeveloped and overlooked part of Canada. But the article fails to give recognition to Richardson's national importance. We small-l liberal Easterners see Richardson earnestly attempting to correct the inequities of Confederation, as well as the undue economic sanctions placed on the Ontario-Quebec axis at the expense of the other provinces. James Richardson deserves a vote of thanks from me.

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SING-A-LONG JUBILEE



wrote, "It is that there's not enough in it to escape a minor disappointment they care to insignificant things and blow them up."

Big league ball came to Montreal in 1969, the year the Expos joined the National League. They were its "new" club—the 11th team (the first year) and there just wasn't a statistic worth talking about. With no numbers to fiddle with, it is so the everlasting trend of the professionally franchised crowds at Jerry Park that they discovered the true worth of baseball lay in its livery. There was an offbeat parade in the Péninsule-style baseball the city enjoyed, and Rusty Smith, *Le Grand Grouper*, became the redefined darling of the Expos fans.

Smith was there as much to add the game as to play it, there were even chosen in his contract to this effect. And tell it he did. Rusty led parades, Rusty was autographed baseballs to sock kids and made them well, he took French lessons ("Montreal here comes," said our Louisiana boy), he went on talk shows, smiling and gab-festiously in both languages, and he was even seen occasionally with a drink out of Southerner's V.O., in deference to Charles Bonafina, whose director's railroads had made the Expos possible.

Jerry Park became a shipshape clubhouse with its psychedelic scoreboard, unrepentant organist and thousands of beer-guzzling Montebellians Out in night field, smiling, joking with the kids, moving like a ready roster, would be *Le Grand Grouper* himself. And when his time came to face the opposition pitcher, he'd enter the box with his cleats to shake off the mud, spit, shuffle, sprint, grunt and slam the ball high over the center field wall. Then, while women blushed and children squealed, Rusty would



The streaky and spry rusted into Rusty.

prance like a flaming catfish down the first base line, provocative to second and home, all to the halla-loups of the Expo's faithful. Rusty, ok rusty. The Expos got excited, but, by god, Rusty was livelier.

There were the golden days of Young in Montreal—days that ended on April 5, 1972. It was a time when Rusty had gone beyond stardom: he was an institution. The Bank of Montreal was even using him to promote new accounts by inviting children to join the Young Expos Club (Start up an account with Rusty, kids). Get a well-prior of your club!

The Expos were losers but they were fun. And yet, you can't really blame the Montebellians, who were well accustomed to winning, if they began to hope for a marriage between the low de taste of Rusty Smith and a ball club that was... What about it, Gene? Mount Expos manager? You've been here as long as Rusty; they say you're good, so why don't you prove it and do something to help our fans?

So March did April 3, 1972. On that day, Gene March, owner, announced that Rusty Smith, wisest, was being traded to the New York Mets for three unknowns: Tim Lincecum, a punk shortage without a full year as the big dog; Mike Jorgensen, a sometimes first baseman, sometimes outfielder; and Ken Singleton, a nobody outfielder. Three journeyman for a god. Heavy, screamed the fans.

More than a year later, put in mid-summer, was rolling around, people woke up to find the dilapidated Montreal Expos playing close to 300 ball, a win for every loss. At times it even looked as though they might take over as division leaders. And then, made very little sense. While the team suddenly had respectable pitching (Clayton Kershaw, McAndrew and Stoneman), there was no one who could put the ball out of Jerry Park withstanding Rusty's size. If you're a sense, therefore, that today's Expos should ever score 54 runs in an game, but they did. Or that third baseman Bob Rusty, after being practically booted out of Montreal last season, would at times this year be hitting over 300 and breaking several club records along the way. Or that one of Smith's replacements, Ken Singleton, would be outliving the great Rusty himself. Worse yet, the punk shortage in the infielder trade. Tim Lincecum was now being talked of as one of the game's very best infielders.

It all meant that Montreal finally had some statistics for the American baseball aficionados to puzzle. What he

saw was that the Expos after four seasons were playing as well as New York Mets did in their eighth, the year they won the World Series. Montreal had suddenly become a contender.

But back in the hometown, the Expos were still the team that had sold *Le Grand Grouper* during the year Rusty Park still has the baby scoreboard (recording wins for once) and the cheering against, but the crowd don't laugh as much these days, the women don't blush others and the kids no longer squeal. And so as he heard much lately of the Bank of Montreal's Young Expos Club Or of Rusty, far that matter.

PUBLISHING

A Canadian publisher considers a book successful if sales reach 5,000; a best seller might do 50,000. People like Pierre Berton can sometimes sell more than 100,000.

But that's only for serious writers. Bob Talk, a 35-year-old Newfoundland leader, can whip a book up in a month, laugh while he's doing it, and sell it by the weekend. His first book has sold 120,000, his second 70,000, and his third has just been released. They're all more of the same—Newfie jokes.

Talk doesn't even have a publisher. For his first book he borrowed \$600 from Newfoundland Finance Corporation ("You couldn't expect me to lose my own money, could you?"), arranged for a local printer to run off a quick 2,000 and sold them off in just one week. He printed more and sold them, too. Talk won't say what he's made, but if you figure it at \$4.50 a copy, subtract 22 cents per book printing costs, \$3.68 for overhead, which you'll use to distribute them...

He writes about 40% of his material, logs or knows the rest. He says he knows 4,000 jokes (he once sold jokes for 10 hours straight, until his mouth gave out).

Although many people in the mainland have been informed by the stereotyped image the books portray of Newfoundlanders, the people back in Deer Lake regard Talk as a local boy who made good. He's convinced the people of "Upper Canada" have an sense of humor, anyway. To him, the funniest people anywhere in the world come from Upper Island Cove, a community on Newfoundland's Avalon Peninsula.

"If I could take a tape recorder and a case of scratch to Upper Island Cove," Talk says, "I could keep on putting out books as long as they'd keep on defiling."

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The Pearson Saga: remaking Mike

Leslie Pearson was not a popular prime minister. When his low-hip and spiky baby face hit was a bit of a buffoon, playing parliamentary lead to Diefenbaker's Lear. It is startling that in months after his death Leslie Pearson should become a sitcom celebrity, in comparison with the philosopher's memoir, a novel for ageing status and a simple candor that makes him, if not a politician to admire, a man to love.

For *Pearson* biographer, Pearson's television persona, is a simple and powerful personal portrait which establishes Pearson, a man very recently threatened with oblivion, as a prime minister of a status and influence not only by the late Prime Minister, Lester and Mackenzie King, men of whom had the benefit of color TV. A portrait which could easily have been tedious or banalizing. But *Pearson* biographer is successful television and entertaining history, a brilliant series of co-appearances which justifies Pearson's reputation as a diplomat of skill and industry. He has salvaged his reputation and preserved himself forever not only as a man of over-the-hill charm but as a legend, a star.

Modeled on Mountbatten's classic TV autobiography, *The Life And Times Of Lord Mountbatten*, the *Pearson* series is more relaxed and informal, perfectly suited to Pearson's more modest role as the world and habit of casting himself as a sitting duck. Mountbatten is an ego exercise in elaborate oblige, an unending vision of the world as a sort of family male in which Lord Louis, in the course of various trips with the Prince of Wales, was pulled off the oval blue and unapologetically even right in a personal letter to his cousin, the King. Leslie Pearson, whose military career ended when he was run over by a bus, cannot casually refer to the Czar as "Uncle Nicky" or to the Bolshevik Revolution as an unfortunate family setback. There is no bombast or pomp to Pearson. He is a Canadian, a colonial, a minor figure, a Rosencrante on the world stage, a prep school new boy who sources orders from others to ensure with unimportant messages and instructions to somebody else's

language. One of the most touching things about *Pearson* biographer is the extent to which Pearson reveals how his pride stemmed from the snubs of the great and powerful whose intellectual legs he carried and how, if only out of rage alone, he must have seemed to become famous.

Serious and stylish, robust with historical allusion and significance, Pearson's memoir shows him doing exactly what he obviously does best—talk. It is not overly witty or even informative conversation but the kind of graceful smoking-room chatter which goes round and round the conversational no-man's-land without offending or boring. The anecdotes are often trivial but, flanked out with film clips, they provide little people-people over the post, disarming plagues of war and personalities most Canadians are too young to remember. However, the collection of Pearson's remarks often has not in what he says but in what he unconsciously reveals about the prejudices and assumptions that governed his own life and that of the nation. The responses and reactions of Pearson's world are shocking. He tells with delight how he passed all grades at university because the prof was an old friend of his father's and how, during the First World War, his father, at Pearson's request, and his connections to transfer young Leslie out of the trenches into a comfortable officer training school. Most people are ashamed to tell these stories; Pearson relishes them. His last friend of his life, the old Old Boy net work of Ontario and simply assumes that this is the way the world runs. His provincial arrogance is as subtle as Mountbatten's. Even for an autobiography *Pearson* biographer is a gem.

Unlike Mountbatten, Pearson offers little analysis of the events in which he took part, no witty opinion on the people he met. His story is about his friends and how they helped each other get ahead in the civil service in their youth, as Pearson admits with decreasing frankness, "divide the ring." It says little about the hero but a great deal about the WASP elite which brought him to power.

The significance of Pearson's war role, his moments, in spite of his charm, toughness and aristocracy. As he progresses during the Forties into the senior levels of the foreign service there is a growing variety, a growth of hard information, lack of cynicism and a disturbing emphasis on events that are involved or true—Pearson offers the story of a baseball game as his main recollection of his dealings with the State Department in Washington, a contribution



Pearson's memoirs have a better day

which is almost insulting in view of Pearson's obviously intimate acquaintance with American political intrigues. The unacknowledged symbolism of the Winnipeg hearings and a harsh ghost as Pearson's personal TV memoir, showing its holes, making us suspicious of what he is not saying. I have the feeling that Pearson will be burning stories on himself and his family but in doing his critics, he is deliberately sowing jokes and anecdotes not to reveal the truth but to evade it. The result is a diplomatic portrait of hand, a superbly convincing portrait of a jolly and confident prime minister who appears to have his and while saying nothing of significance.

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PARADE

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Back were tall and gangling but

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TRAVELERS OF CANADA

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had discipline grace. Both displayed a bohemian charm, off the list. Both played their fall NHL seasons with one team only. Howe with Detroit and Beliveau with Montreal. Both somehow faded — Howe by age, Beliveau by age — to ever score 50 goals in a single season, something both should have done with considerable ease.

When he retired, Howe became a vice-president with his team, as did Beliveau with his. They went the same upward, and they even worked together on a book of Nova Scotia and campaign keynot to the training of young hockey players.

It wasn't just before the World Hockey Association was trying to lure them out of retirement: The Quebec Nordiques wanted Beliveau and the Hamilton Aces wanted Howe. Each was offered one million dollars.

Both Howe and Beliveau wanted to stay with their families. And there was the difference: Beliveau has a daughter, Howe has sons. They're worth a million to him.

FILMS / JOHN HOFFES

The cleansing touch of satire

The film industry is, with significantly few exceptions, a big industry run by big people — jacking publishers who once as city chiefs, for penny journalists who think television is heaven, cocaine film buffs devoted to trivia and triviaists, would-be musicians with college-guitar minds who survive at the sound of money, thirty stars (who usually look best without



HEAVY METAL: In Andrew's search for *Lucky Men*

smile to feed them) — pompous people who are a lover's lounge of satire with some exceptions. Stanley Kubrick, Ingmar Bergman, Lindsay Anderson (to name my immediate favorites) who share the trait of standing apart from the hypocrisy and nonsense of a show business, while nevertheless proving themselves to be masters of the film medium.

With the arrival of Lindsay Anderson's *Lucky Men*, it's time to count such's blessings. It's a pleasing, badly needed satire on the dancing demons of modern society. Unlike Anderson's earlier features *The Sporting Life* (1963) and the immensely successful *O Lucky Men* (1975), *O Lucky Men* isn't instantly accessible, or (although friends tell me otherwise) bleak. It's too experimental to be liked. But it proves the best test one can make of film: it goes on growing in the mind and memory repeatedly.

It's instantly accessible, or (although friends tell me otherwise) bleak. It's too experimental to be liked. But it proves the best test one can make of film: it goes on growing in the mind and memory repeatedly, touching on an old concern of the day, involving upon other nations, sometimes with a pop-dish of illustration, lingering and building until one sees, a good film, a superb film, at night like a great film. This comes the film to see it again.

The underlying reason for Malcolm McDowell's success in recent years is *O Lucky Men*, apart from having the propensity and luck to work with brilliant directors, is that on each occasion he has further defined what it means to be young — and male (one of his roles could have female equivalents. Also and her daughter? — in the present era. As Kubrick's *Alma*, with his rocky bowtie, and false eyelash on one eye, he was wondrously misinterpreted (in indeed pop-dish frequently, cunningly, and, as Mark Ferris in *O Lucky Men* he looks as if he stepped down from one of those Hirt-A-Statue billboards filled with fresh-scrubbed faces and intent, eager eyes which government publicists hope is the look of the future. The life of a model, others in, of course, that through with a full quotient of creep. To survive in life it is more important that look be malleable and quick than that he be good and obedient.

The film is cast in the Dr. Strangelove mold with all the characters perched slightly higher and madder than usual, in a story that uses comic surrealism to make us see the pathology of everyday life. In its briefly glorious, nearly three-hour running time the film checks off, in a series of posturing vignettes, modern science, religion, big business, political philosophy — say and all human concerns that by to impose a restless

will, a premeditated scheme, upon the natural world. The film jacks me much by far, but better that than the usual film package of purely microscopic scenes. Some of them kind is clearest, especially if you're not for some personal change.

Most of the cast other than McDowell play multiple roles in the film, the best known being Sir Ralph Richardson and Rachel Roberts. Many others from the cast of *O Lucky Men* and *Clash of the Titans* are on hand (Anne Lowe, Mona Washbourne, Mary Mafland, and Vivian Pickles deserve particular mention) giving even the smallest roles full measure of British theatre training. In the sequence of its acting, cinematography by Nicolas Chaillet, (who did *O Lucky Men* and *Shogun*) and music by Alan Price (who has composed songs that may need the trade calls "cover version") to be truly popular, but manages to write mischievous lyrics and integrating melodies quite as if Cole Porter were still alive, and a rock musician. *O Lucky Men* cannot be failed. This is the richest and most fascinating film we've likely to see this year.

The *Wedding* would have killed them in the Theatre and Fortin, and would probably be endorsed as a "classic" along with Costa Gavras's *Confessions of a Spy* and *Clash of the Titans*, among others. Proof that this kind of picture can still floor some people is that the Cannes Film Festival's Grand Prix this year with *Jeune Femme*. It's based on a novel by the late L. P. Hartley (who wrote *The Go-Between* — a better book, a better film) and stars Sarah Miles in her most memorable performance since Joseph Lowe's *The Seventh Deadly Sin* and *Robert Shaw* (a *Man For All Seasons*) who is never less than veritable. The time is after World War II where Lady Penelope (Miles) lost both her husband and her mind. After being gradually restored to the house of health, beauty and nobility by the tender friendship of her chauffeur Lindbergh (Shaw) — who manages for the longest time to keep his low-class sexuality to check and then one day, in a moment of right blows it — the *Lady* is required to report her unstable state and he bushes up the Rolls-royce "Rolls-Royce" with a broken heart. It is beautifully photographed in England's Asiat and west country and directed by Alan Bridges in a slow, moody style that does make the tawdry story almost seductive.

John Meyer is a Canadian film director and critic.



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